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CONTENTS

	Page
COMMENTS	125
HOW TO QUIT INDIA. By H. N. Brailsford	127
SOCIALIST PLANNING IN APRICA. By Rita Hinden	128
A LONDON DIARY. By Critic	129
CONDITIONAL LAST WORDS. By Sagittarius	129
ELLEN WILKINSON. By Kingsley Martin	130
MANAGERS AND WORKERS	130
FRENCH AND BRITISH UNIONS	131
THIS ENGLAND	131
BEHAVIOUR DISORDERS AND THE LAW. By Alex Comfort	132
THE ARTS AND ENTERTAINMENT:	Page
Radio Notes. By Edward Sackville West	132
Kirsten Flagstad. By Desmond Shawe-Taylor	133
The Movies. By Raymond Mortimer	133
The Return of Massine. By Beryl de Zoete	133
Round the Exhibitions. By Benedict Nicolson	134
CORRESPONDENCE	134
From Paul Ritter; J. L. Kerr; H. C. Loh; Lady Fletcher; D. Macdonald Hanlon; Denis Botterill; S. G. Polhill; E. M. Herring; and Eva M. Hubback and Thelma Cazalet Keir.	Page
BOOKS IN GENERAL. By Noel Annan	137
REVIEWS:	
Milton's Place in History. By H. N. Brailsford	138
New Novels. By Rayner Heppenstall	138
Elucidating Babel. By Dorothy Baker	139
Tenore Robusto. By Desmond Shawe-Taylor	140
"Time Remembered is Grief Forgotten." By Arnold Lunn	141
WEEK-END COMPETITIONS	142

THE FAULT, DEAR BRUTUS . . .

A BLIZZARD unparalleled since 1894 has created, with a suddenness for which the public was ill prepared, the most serious crisis the Government has yet had to face. Britain's economy has been thrown out of gear by a drastic and hastily improvised curtailment of electric power for industry whose effects cannot be measured in terms merely of the millions of men and women immediately thrown out of work. Interruptions on this scale in the chain of production create cumulative hold-ups whose reactions are bound to be serious not merely on Mr. Bevan's housing programme but even more on Sir Stafford Cripps' export campaign. The cost in dollars of this spell of Arctic weather will be heavy. After a brief thaw, the return of frost and snow has superimposed on coal shortage a transport crisis. Three million tons of coal has already accumulated at the pits owing to wagon shortage, and scores of ships have been held up in the Tyne. The Cabinet—and the public—have gradually realised that, *in the short run*, transport, not pit production, is the crucial issue.

Fortune has not been kind to the Labour Government. The Opposition press has been given an opportunity, of which it has at first fully availed itself, to visit on the Minister of Fuel and his Cabinet colleagues the whole blame for the present crisis. Their incompetence has been derided; their neglect of immediate needs in favour of "doctrinaire schemes of Socialisation" have been castigated; and they have had quoted against them—not without damaging effect—reassuring statements, made last year, that there was no reason to apprehend industrial dislocation through coal shortage. Most of this mud-slinging is based on a lack of logic too manifest not to be detected by the average elector. One thing that is clear is that the crisis has *not* been caused by too much Socialist planning; and the implication that the running down of coal stocks could have been avoided by sweeping away more controls and giving business men intent on profitable private enterprise a greater say in the administration of this country is a patent absurdity. If the Tory press succeeds in damaging to some extent the Government's credit, it will chiefly be because the situation has been clumsily handled both by the Ministry of Fuel and by the Cabinet from the aspect of Public Relations. It was surely a serious error in generalship for Mr. Attlee to wait until Monday night before putting the facts of the situation clearly before the country.

Was more at fault than ill-timed and inadequate publicity? It is easy to be wise after the event. If the Government shrank last summer from piling the Ossa of fuel rationing on the Peleon of Mr. Strachey's rationing of bread, they are fairly entitled to claim that the Tory papers who are now vilifying them did their utmost to make it most difficult at that time to ask the country to accept further austerity. We ourselves plead guilty to having urged the Government from time to time to remember the psychological advantage of a little jam to-day. Yet coal, as we have long urged, is basic to recovery. Was it justifiable to rely on the chance of a normal winter and to be satisfied with Mr. Shinwell's achievement in raising stocks from under 7 million to 11 million tons during the summer months? As the autumn gave place to winter, it became clear that the forecasts of the C.E.B. experts, on whom the Minister of course relied, were wide of the mark; electricity consumption, both domestic and industrial, was running, in Britain's first period of peacetime full employment for a generation, at an unparalleled rate. Yet it was not until January 20th that a decision was taken. By then it was too late to do anything but introduce a so-called "realistic rationing" by regional allocation which took no account of real priorities.

Mr. Shinwell, it is true, can justifiably protest that the National Production Advisory Council, representing both employers and trade unions, adopted an unhelpful attitude towards compulsory reduction of coal consumption. Nevertheless, it is evident that the Cabinet was reluctant to adopt the unpalatable course of drastically restricting many months ago all luxury and non-essential consumption of coal in order to have an absolute assurance of adequate stocks this winter. On the contrary, last autumn, to take only one illustration, the Minister of Transport allowed the railways to restore something approaching normal peacetime passenger services. (Even this week, night expresses were blocking coal trains.) And it is not a complete answer to say to the country: "The fault lies in yourselves; you have been using too much electricity." Human nature being what it is, electricity provided is apt to be consumed. And it is difficult to blame the public for lack of voluntary economies when it observed that no restriction whatsoever appeared to be imposed on the production for the home market of the innumerable electric fires and other gadgets whose employment has done not a little to add to the load on power companies.

One good thing can come of the present crisis. It ought to help to bring the public sharply up against the realisation that full employment cannot be achieved by Act of Parliament nor yet by financial legerdemain; it is dependent on physical resources—raw materials and, above all, fuel and power. Since the coal mines were nationalised the miners have made magnificent efforts; it is no fault of theirs if roads blocked by snowdrifts in the past fortnight have caused "absenteeism" or if coal is piled high at the pitheads because there are no railway waggons moving to get it away. But, as Mr. Arthur Horner has plainly said, if this crisis is not to recur next winter—it may be in an even more aggravated form—distribution and use of coal must be better planned and the output of coal itself must be increased at all costs. Stocks for next winter must be built up to an absolutely safe figure, even if it means ruthless restraint of all non-essential uses. The maintenance of a contented, and if possible enlarged, labour force in the pits must be an absolute national priority.

Here we come to a crucial point on which the Cabinet is exposed to serious criticism. We are

at one with Mr. Shinwell in his contention that the miners must have their Charter, and that it is only from a contented labour force in the pits that increased production can be secured. But the Cabinet should have realised that the necessary mechanical re-equipment of the pits, to offset the past ten years' reduction in man-power, was essentially a long-term solution. For the immediate future, if full employment is to be "fuelled"—to say nothing of the provision of a coal surplus for overseas bunkering stations and exports—recruitment of miners is imperative. This involves not merely permitting young men due for call-up to opt for the mines and accelerated training of suitable Polish volunteers. First and foremost it demands priority provision of housing in coal areas such as East Scotland, where productive development is being retarded by lack of accommodation for miners under-employed in Lanarkshire. The only alternative is that non-essential trades should be radically and indefinitely restricted. Having to choose between two courses of action, the Cabinet has chosen neither of them.

Apart, however, from endeavouring to secure both increased production, and economies in the use, of coal, there are, we suggest, other steps which the Government will have to take. The situation, actual and prospective, is far too serious for weight to be attached to the argument that curtailment of imports of American tobacco or films would be unpopular. The use which is being made of the dollar loan should be radically revised and, at the cost of restricting purchases of consumers' goods, much more of our stocks of dollars should be utilised for the purchase in the United States of coal-cutting and mine-haulage machinery, electricity generating plant and locomotives to increase the coal carrying capacity of the British main line railways. Secondly, it is a matter for urgent consideration whether we can afford to export, as we have been doing, locomotives and generating plant which is urgently needed here.

These are practical, material steps which we commend to the Government's attention. But it is equally imperative that shortcomings on the psychological side should be made good. The mind of the public must be better prepared for the reception of Government decisions, particularly when they are unpalatable. Above all, what is needed is resolute Socialist leadership. There must be courage both to take decisions and to see that they are carried out.

The T.U.C. and the Crisis

If the Cabinet cannot be acquitted of the charge that in the planning of reconstruction it has failed to give sufficient weight to priorities, the Trades Union Congress has, on its own confession, been equally guilty of taking a narrow, sectional view. In a statement issued on Monday, the T.U.C. admits that, when it became obvious last autumn that stocks were dangerously low, it was opposed not merely to any reduction of domestic supplies but even to the restriction of supplies of fuel to less essential industries. The latter step, it argues, would have resulted in "long-term unemployment for large numbers of workers." Perhaps—though "long-term" begs a lot of questions. But, in any case, the Trade Unions have got to recognize that, if they set their face against the importation of foreign labour (and it is only by this means that the immediate need of greater aggregate coal output has been met in the Saar and in Belgium), then the man-power problem in Britain can be solved only by the concentration of resources—in terms of labour, as well as of fuel and raw materials—on essential industries. Admittedly there can be no question of direction of labour; but rationing non-essential use of it is another matter. The event has proved that the war-time Restriction of Engagements Order, in its application at any rate to luxury trades, was too hastily removed. It may have to be re-imposed if Britain's limited labour force is not to be still more unproductively distributed. We recognise fully that throwing workers out of their jobs in non-essential industries is an unpalatable step for Mr. Isaacs to endorse, and that re-absorption of workers thus displaced is rendered more difficult by the housing shortage and the limitations which it imposes on workers' mobility. But the fact remains that, even if the strength of the Armed Forces were cut down, as we have consistently urged it should be, by several hundred thousand men, this country would still be carrying a larger proportion of workers than it can afford in unproductive occupations. Better some hardship and temporary unemployment for a minority than that the nation's whole economy should be imperilled by excessive tenderness towards vested interests, either of labour or of capital.

The Burden of Unemployment

In its incidence on family budgets the impact of unemployment, as matters stand, will fall with harsh inequality. A large proportion — probably the majority — of workers "stood off" by the power cuts are partially protected for the time being by guaranteed-week contracts which ensure them at least two-thirds of their normal "take-home" pay. For the unlucky minority the prospect at the end of this week is grim. Under the existing Insurance Act there are three waiting days before benefit becomes due; and, since insurance accounts are normally made up on Wednesday evening, no benefits will be payable until Friday, February 21. The Ministry of Labour's emergency machinery for registering the unemployed appears to have worked smoothly and well; but there is as yet no indication that the Cabinet has considered the advisability of passing a One-Clause Act waiving the waiting period in the present emergency. The issue will become increasingly important as more and more firms feel compelled—as they will be if the power cuts are prolonged—to discharge workers at present "stood off."

The Palestine Negotiations

The Government-inspired reports last week that Mr. Bevin was at last prepared to end the search for "agreement" between Jews and Arabs were, after all, ill-founded. This week, yet another variant of the "Morrison Plan" in which Jewish claims were still further whittled away, was cooked up; and, after the inevitable rejection by both sides, it was withdrawn for "further revision." So in London the tragic farce still continues, while in Jerusalem the compounds, already nicknamed "ghettos," are erected in which British officials are to live and work. The preparations for full-scale military operations are also being given their final touches. Even now, after eighteen months, the Cabinet has not yet understood the basic fact that there is no half-way house between the White Paper and Partition, and that the attempt to find one has already lost us the friendship of both Jew and Arab, and desperately weakened the moderates on both sides. Since the White Paper cannot be squared with the Mandate, an attempt by Mr. Bevin to return to it would be met by an immediate Jewish appeal to Uno which would be most unwelcome to the British Government. In that case the only sane course is to announce at once that the Government will recommend Partition to the Assembly next September and meanwhile will work on an interim plan, based on the assumption that Partition will be the final solution.

Japan and Great Britain

A former Japanese Ambassador to Poland, Hitofumi Ito, is reported last Saturday to have remarked in Tokio on Britain's apparent indifference to the Far East. Neither he nor his colleagues had seen any English paper since the end of the war, and he suggested that Great Britain was in danger of becoming little more than a name for the younger generation in Japan. Ito's speech reflects the results of a year of American occupation, for whilst there is an Allied Council for Japan meeting fortnightly in Tokio, and a Far-Eastern Commission working in Washington, it is the Americans who have assumed what is virtually a monopoly of control over Japanese affairs. Industrially this has resulted in Japan already so far recovering her textile position that she will soon dominate the vast Asiatic market. The American programme allows for 67 per cent. of Japanese exports in the future to be manufactured textiles, compared with 23 per cent. in 1939. In pre-war times, 50 per cent. of Japan's raw cotton came from India; to-day it is America which supplies the bulk. In the case of the silk industry, it is estimated that by 1951 Japan will have a virtual world monopoly. And, recently, Australia has arranged to sell to Supreme H.Q., acting on Japan's behalf, £3,000,000 of wool. In brief, American policy aims at a Japanese recovery which will offer a maximum market and a minimum competition to her own industry. Nor does General MacArthur intend Japanese workers to have any say in the matter. Last week a nation-wide strike of five million workers collapsed three hours before it was due to begin as the result of General MacArthur's intervention. The story does not necessarily end there; a chance for Britain to play a part, both on the industrial and labour sides, still exists. The strike leaders have now petitioned the Allied Council for an investigation of Japanese labour conditions and of the General's cancellation order. The British Government, jointly with Australia, New Zealand and India is represented on this Council by Mr. McMahon Bell, whilst presumably this matter will not escape the attention of the World Federation of Trade Unions Delegation due to arrive in Tokio next month.

Salvaging Marriages

In its Interim Reports the Denning Committee made so many sensible recommendations with a view to rendering divorce procedure more expeditious and less expensive that it might have been hoped that its Final Report, now published, would have proposed the abolition of such anachronisms as the King's Proctor and the *decree nisi*. Regrettably, the Committee is still obsessed with the antique conception of marriage as a contract whose dissolution can be sought only by the innocent "wronged party" and has therefore set its face against any reform which smacks of divorce by agreement or gives countenance to the collusion by which, in fact, most divorces are now obtained. The Committee concedes that divorce sought by both parties might be sanctioned after seven years or more of agreed legal separation; but the *decree nisi* and the King's Proctor are both stoutly defended as a means both of preventing collusion and of ensuring that no "guilty" party obtains release from a marriage tie, however intolerable it has become. Shrinking from the only reforms which would go to the root of the matter, the Committee takes refuge in a number of recommendations designed to lessen the actual numbers of petitioners for divorce. It proposes that a marriage welfare service—sponsored by the State but not a State institution—should be established. Its functions would be both to give pre-marital advice and guidance and to promote reconciliation whenever a break in a marriage tie is threatened or has occurred. Such a service might do some good, particularly in relation to the welfare of children of broken marriages; but we agree with the Marriage Law Reform Committee in seeing grave objections to the State's sponsoring denominational societies which offer guidance to married couples. Their advice, biased by religious prejudices, is too apt to add to the sum of human unhappiness by persuading people to prolong unsuccessful unions which should be dissolved in the social interest. If there are to be psychological clinics for engaged and married couples, they should be run on a strictly lay basis.

PARLIAMENT : The Great Freeze-up

Wednesday

DESPITE Arthur Greenwood's reluctance on Thursday to permit the fuel crisis outside to interrupt Parliamentary routine, it occupied the attention of the House on both Friday and Monday.

On Friday the House concentrated at first on local issues. Prescott and Antony Greenwood dealt with the position in Lancashire, and Raymond Blackburn managed to keep the Austin works on the front page of the daily papers. Ellis Smith, who tried unsuccessfully on Thursday to move the adjournment, on Friday concentrated his attack on the Tories, for preventing fuel rationing in 1942. The best speech of the day—indeed the best Tory speech on either Friday or Monday—came from Mr. Eden. In fact, his attack was so nicely calculated that it induced Mr. Shinwell into the tactical error of delivering a long combative reply before making his sensational pronouncement on the close-down. This gave it the appearance of off-handedness, which was certainly not intended. A stunned House continued a desultory debate with rising ill-temper : but it was obvious that the Minister's statement would have to be further debated on Monday when Members had had time to collect their thoughts.

The week-end newspapers gave a clear indication of what the Tory press lords intended the debate to be. Yet the atmosphere on Monday was not one of crisis, or of heads on a platter. The House seemed surprisingly ready to consume time in a farcical debate on the Piratin incident ; and, despite the obvious uneasiness on the Government side, Mr. Hudson opened with none of the stridency of the Tory press. He spent an inordinate time in proving that there was a gap between production and consumption and that the Government had failed to fill it. When Woodrow Wyatt asked him what he would have done, he seemed to consider the question irrelevant. As soon as he sat down, it was obvious that this was not to be a censure debate ; and Mr. Shinwell, since he had not been seriously challenged, had no difficulty in replying. Once again a great occasion had degenerated into shadow boxing, and it was left to Labour Members to follow Douglas Jay's lead on Friday in analysing the underlying reasons for the crisis and urging more drastic remedies. Leslie Hale made an effective attack on the Tory record and Dick Crossman urged the need for giving coal priority and for new methods of recruitment. When he came to wind up, Hugh Dalton, having disarmed the Opposition by the candid statement that the Government can and must prevent this winter's crisis from recurring, had little difficulty in dealing with Mr. Churchill.

Few big debates can have so signally failed to reflect the mood of the country, or been so strangely misrepresented in press reports which tried to suggest a Government wilting under fierce Opposition attack. The explanation probably lies in the ambiguous attitude of Mr. Churchill to the Government Front Bench. In the country the Tories can give the impression that they are an alternative Government merely by attacking bureaucracy and controls. But in the House, an Opposition, if it is to look like an alternative Government, must have an alternative policy. Every Tory speaker knew that the Tory policy—unemployment as a spur to recruitment, and in the last resort, direction of labour—is unmentionable. The real alternative is not less but more Socialist control, a move to the Left and not to the Right. At one point Mr. Churchill, interrupting Hugh Dalton, who had asked for the co-operation of the Opposition, denied all suggestions of a Coalition. But it was clear enough on Monday night that he recognises that the present Cabinet, even if its failures of leadership are partly responsible for the crisis, is preferable from the Tory point of view to anything which could replace it. When we come to the big economic debate, we shall almost certainly be let down once again. Even if the Opposition has a stronger case against the Government it will not press it with real resolution. Since the Tory party is impotent and divided, Mr. Churchill much prefers a tired Cabinet of the Centre to strong leadership from the Left ; and he will do nothing to push Mr. Attlee into forceful decisions which would rally the Labour Movement and the whole country behind him.

PHINEAS

HOW TO QUIT INDIA

EIGHT months ago the Cabinet Mission completed its work in Delhi, leaving behind it a plan which provided for the orderly transfer of power to the Indian people. Today its scheme lies in ruins. For its working it depended on two organs, the Viceroy's Council, acting as an Interim National Government, and the Constituent Assembly. Both are in being, but both face a dead end. The Muslim League, after re-affirming its decision to boycott the Assembly, has called on the Viceroy to dissolve it as an invalid and illegal body. After this challenge, couched in unusually violent language, Pandit Nehru and the Members of the Council who represent Congress and the minorities took the next logical and inevitable step ; they asked the Viceroy to call for the withdrawal of the League's Members from his Council. These questions demand a decided answer from the British Cabinet, absorbed though it is in our own industrial crisis. To say Yes or No is easy. The fact that Mr. Jinnah, for his own tactical reasons, is determined to boycott the Assembly is no good reason for dissolving it. It reflects, fairly and adequately, every phase of Indian opinion—Sikhs, Christians, Untouchables and Parsis as well as Hindus—excepting only the Muslim League, whose rights have been scrupulously safeguarded, though its seats are still empty. On the other hand, it is unreasonable that the Muslim League, bent, as it obviously is, on sabotaging the Mission's plan of settlement, should continue to sit in the interim Government, whose chief duty is to bring this plan to fruition. While League and Congress cancel each other out in the Council, India has no effective Central Government. The reasonable course would be to grant Pandit Nehru's request and refuse Mr. Jinnah's. But would that suffice to end the deadlock? This means that the deadlock will continue. Some action much more far-reaching is called for, if disaster is to be averted.

For the moment the Indian scene is outwardly calm, because everyone is awaiting the next British move. Beneath the surface passions are tense and explosive forces are gathering which any maladroit act may suddenly release. The recent slaughter in Calcutta, East Bengal Bihar and Bombay, with the tale of 10,000 dead, is a lurid reminder of the bitterness of the communal feud. In the Punjab the weak Coalition Ministry has had to tolerate the continued existence of private communal armies. If there has been as yet no inter-communal fighting in that province, it is not the forces of law and order that have averted it. It is the nearly even balance of the three communities that imposes caution, for the Sikhs have a striking power out of proportion to their numbers.

At the best, here and elsewhere, prudence and the fear of retaliation may ensure a stalemate in the communal struggle. But of any progress towards reconciliation and mutual understanding there is not a sign. The Cabinet Mission's compromise has failed, not because it had the inevitable defects inherent in most compromises. It has failed because at the end of eight months Indians are no nearer to moral disarmament. Nothing, it seems, will remove from the mind of the Muslims their dread of Hindu members at the centre of any federal system, however rudimentary. With as much reason, or as little, the Sikhs, the Hindus of Assam, and the Congress Muslims of the Frontier Province fear that they, too, will be crushed by the "brute majority" of the Muslim League if they enter the provincial groups prescribed for them in the Mission's plan. In vain has the Congress pledged itself to carry out the Mission's procedure and abide by its interpretations. No compromise will work without some measure of mutual confidence and respect.

If we are to grasp the psychology of this situation there is another factor, as grave as the Hindu-Muslim tension, which we must frankly face. Strange as it may seem to us, there is as yet no general belief among Indians in the sincerity of our offer to hand over power. Their memories of the past cannot be easily dissipated : the towering figure of Mr. Churchill haunts the stage, and most of them form their impressions of "the British" from the bureaucrats with whom they are familiar. Only the other day, Mr. Kripalani, now President of Congress, argued in a severely worded statement that we are still playing the game of "divide and rule." He went on to say that for the obduracy of the Muslim League the British Cabinet's policy is directly responsible. It is still customary in Congress discussions to speak of the "Anglo-Muslim alliance"—a phrase that might have been used not unfairly while Lord Linlithgow was Viceroy. While the moderate leaders of Congress are themselves uneasy and on their guard, they have to reckon with a Left Wing which believes that India's freedom can be won only by a revolutionary struggle. Mr. Jinnah's habit of appealing publicly and directly to the Viceroy for his intervention at every phase of the crisis is nicely calculated to keep alive the general belief that the British will not or cannot quit India.

So long as that belief persists, there will be no settlement. By refusing to behave as loyal colleagues in the interim Government, and by boycotting the Assembly, the Muslim Leaguers contrive to prolong British responsibility for the government of India. In so far as the League succeeds in doing this it is defeating the policy of Independence to which we are committed. If, as the months go on, we allow ourselves to be trapped, at each recurring difficulty, into intervention the League will never be brought to work in good faith with Congress for the good of their common country. In this situation the presence of our troops and our Viceroy in India delays a settlement. It complicates the play of forces and fosters reckless tactics, because the ultimate responsibility for whatever goes wrong can always be placed on British shoulders. That we are needed as arbiters is a flattering delusion. For that role our past and our interests alike disqualify us.

There is one force we have not yet called into action. It is the most powerful of human motives—the instinct of self-preservation. Let Indians understand plainly that it lies with them and with them alone to decide whether they will seek internal peace, or expose their country to the ruin of civil war. Let us make it clear that our troops are not available to impose an unwanted Constitution on a province that refuses it. Let us tell the League that we are not going to coerce the Sikhs or Assam into submission to its will. Let it be understood as clearly that our forces cannot be used to crush the League. There are compelling reasons why in our own interests we should say this. We have not the manpower or the money to hold India by force against either of its chief communities. We should ruin ourselves in the attempt. What is happening on a petty scale in Palestine is warning enough against any such folly. But if we were in the military sense omnipotent, this would still be a wrong use to make of our power. Foreign bayonets can have no part to play in establishing Indian independence.

How, then, are these things to be said ? There is only one plain way of saying them. It is to announce at once that we shall complete our withdrawal from India by a specified date, not more than twelve months hence. That said, we should call on Pandit Nehru to form a re-modelled Interim Government, to which full powers will be granted to act in the new circumstances. We should add to our announcement the recommendation that before the Viceroy leaves New Delhi the Constituent Assembly shall appoint a provisional President of the Indian Union to take his place. Such an announcement would transform Indian politics. As troopship followed troopship homewards, and one barracks after

another was emptied, Indian doubts in our sincerity would vanish, and the Muslim League would have to revise its tactics. How quickly it would adjust itself one cannot say. What is reasonably certain is that it could not for very long maintain its refusal to negotiate directly with Congress, or to enter the Constituent Assembly. The same considerations apply to the Princes. The key to a peaceful settlement is to treat the Constituent Assembly as the legitimate fountain of power. What solution Congress and League will hammer out, when they face each other without the presence of a foreign Power, we need not try to guess. Conceivably, they may adopt the Mission's compromise with a few modifications. So soon as Hindus and Muslims realise that it lies with them alone to determine how they shall live as neighbours in their own land, their instinct of self-preservation will bring them together. The best service we can render to peace is to leave them, with the friendliest of farewells, alone.

H. N. BRAILSFORD

SOCIALIST PLANNING IN AFRICA

SPEAKING recently in London, the Colonial Secretary commented on how much easier it was to carry out Socialist plans in the Colonies than at home, as so few people bothered about what was being done there anyway. Under this cloud of indifference, a number of Socialist measures of first-class importance have been announced over the last few months and are now being introduced into the Colonies. These measures include the excellent statement on colonial mining, which lays down that all mineral rights in the Colonies are to be nationalised, and wherever feasible the mines are to be operated by the Governments themselves; the plan under which all West African cocoa is to be purchased, shipped and sold under the control of a Government-directed Board, which will iron out price fluctuations and a good part of middlemen's profits; and the formation of a public utility company to take over the whole of Nigeria's electricity supply. But perhaps more dramatic than these is the application of the idea of the monster public corporation to run colonial enterprise. The first of these corporations—the Cameroons Development Corporation—was inaugurated on January 1st. With a capital of £1,750,000 raised by the Nigeria Government it will cultivate 250,000 acres of ex-German estates on a communal basis, growing rubber, bananas and oil-palms. There will be no shareholders in the Corporation and all profit will be ploughed back into the Cameroons. The next of these Corporations, with a capital of nearly £25 millions, to undertake the production of groundnuts in East Africa, is still more impressive in the boldness of its conception and the immensity of its implications.

Almost all over the world there is today a dire shortage of fats. In the heart of Africa, there are enormous tracts of land, uninhabited, waterless, covered by bush and ridden by the deadly tsetse fly. If only millions of pounds were available, if hundreds of tractors and bulldozers and treedozers could be spirited into the desert, if thousands of tons of seed could be purchased, if wells could be bored, if hundreds of scientists and administrators and doctors and technicians could be mobilised, these wasted areas could be made to yield hundreds of thousands of tons of the very groundnuts for whose oil the world is crying out. But where is the organisation and the imagination to do these things?

Last June the Colonial Office sent a small mission out to East Africa to report on the practicability of the mass production of groundnuts. At the end of September the mission returned. Its report was ready within a fortnight. It took six weeks for Government Departments to study it and make up their minds. In November the Minister of Food told Parliament that the Government had decided to go ahead and that a special section had already been set up in his Ministry to deal exclusively with the matter; in January the first advance party left for Tanganyika to start work. Before this year is out thousands of acres of bush will have been cleared and the first crop planted; in 1948, new supplies of fat will be on the market. The whole method of planning and approach is reminiscent of the huge wartime operations; indeed it is said that men associated with the "Mulberry" operation have been put on this project.

The idea is to take an enormous area of land, 3½ million acres, and divide it into huge farming units of 30,000 acres—about 49 square miles each—and the plan envisages 107 such units in the coming years. The first thing to do will be to clear the bush, and for this 25,000 Africans and 500 European experts and a great deal of machinery will be required in the peak years. Each unit, once the bush has been cleared, will require a regular labour force of 300, including skilled workers, clerks, tractor-drivers and so on. This is just a good number for a village with its school, doctor, stores and social amenities, and new model villages will be laid out. When the scheme is under way over 30,000 men and 750 European experts will be regularly employed. The skilled workers will be drawn from the demobilised soldiers, whose reabsorption into civilian life is a constant headache for colonial governments, and no great difficulties are anticipated in finding the complement of the labour force (only 300 men to 30,000 acres!).

Farming will be carried out on the most highly mechanised and scientific lines and the plan is that the men in each unit will work co-operatively, and eventually band themselves into a properly organised co-operative society. It is estimated that the cost of production will be about half the present world price, and that if half a million tons of groundnuts are produced a year (a conservative figure) Britain will save something like £10 million annually on her food bill; and Tanganyika will add a similar sum to her export trade, which will then be more than doubled. The beauty of the scheme is that, although even on first estimates it is planned to cover an area of something approaching 6,000 square miles (the area of Wales is 7,400 square miles!), all this is waste land, and there is no question of infringing existing native rights or dispossessing anyone. Nor is there any foreseeable limit to the expansion of the scheme by increasing the number of units. Not only in Tanganyika, but in Kenya and N. Rhodesia suitable land has already been surveyed; desert lands in Africa are limitless.

Finance and organisation are, of course, the great questions. A project of such dimensions must be Government-controlled. The local colonial governments simply have not the resources or equipment to undertake this, and whatever they contributed would mean a diversion from their 10-year development plans under the Colonial Development and Welfare Act, to which they are already committed up to the hilt. A public corporation financed by the British Exchequer will, therefore, be created. But time is the essence of the matter; to set up a public corporation requires the passage of a Bill through Parliament; also the Government does not dispose immediately of the organisation to get to work tomorrow. It has therefore decided to appoint managing agents for an interim period until it can itself step in, and the only possible agents appear to be the United Africa Co. (Lever's subsidiary). This may be the least palatable feature of the scheme to Socialists; but one cannot run away from cold facts—it is better that United Africa do the job, under public control, than that it is not done at all, with world diets in their present state. Nor will it even be quite satisfactory when the British-owned corporation is established; the promoters of the scheme clearly envisage the time when the corporation will be taken over by the local governments, and eventually by the African communities themselves, either through their governments or through their co-operatives. But to get the thing going speedily, the method chosen seems to be the only one possible.

For the people of Africa this development may in time prove revolutionary. The insistent, heartbreaking problem in these territories has been the miserably low productivity which is all that unskilled peasants, equipped with little more than a hoe, could hope to wring from poor, unirrigated soil. Many of us have inveighed against the injustice done to Africans by European encroachments on their land and European possession of their valuable minerals, but we have always known that even if every single European left Africa, the poverty of the mass of African peasants slogging away at their primitive subsistence farming would remain untouched. Almost all the work of agricultural experts has been directed towards improving methods within the existing framework of individual farming; and they themselves have been crushed under the hopelessness of the task. The groundnut scheme is the first big attempt to break through the old vicious circle, and, at one swoop, through the means of intensive mechanisation and scientific planning, to step up productivity per man.

This project has already been described as an African T.V.A. Perhaps that is too optimistic a vision. But here, surely, is a method by which British Socialists can bring something new to Africa.

RITA HINDEN

PERIODICALS AND THE CRISIS

Next Week's NEW STATESMAN AND NATION

By agreement between the Government and the Periodical Press Association, the publication of all periodicals is to be suspended "for at least a fortnight." It will be generally recognised that, in the emergency, the production of the 500 journals involved would be unjustifiable. In the House of Commons, however, Mr. Wilson Harris, Editor of the *Spectator*, very effectively pleaded the special cause of the weekly journals of opinion, whose function—the serious and informed interpretation of topical events—is obviously of special importance in a crisis of this kind. His plea was subsequently supported by the *News Chronicle* and by a letter to *The Times* signed by leading personalities of the three chief political parties. So far, the Government has not seen its way to overcoming the difficulties of discriminating on behalf of one section of the periodical press; and, though we still hope that some arrangement may be reached, the situation, as we go to press, is that no NEW STATESMAN AND NATION will continue to appear in print.

We are glad, however, to inform our readers that, in any event, the views and some features of the NEW STATESMAN AND NATION will appear in print next week. Several daily and Sunday newspapers, Conservative and Radical, have, with great generosity, offered us hospitality in their pages. The *News Chronicle* has arranged to publish a leading article, followed by excerpts of characteristic *N. S. & N.* features, on Thursday, February 20. An article signed by the Editor will appear in the *Sunday Pictorial* of February 23, and Critic's "London Diary" will be found in the *Observer* of the same date. To the *Evening Standard* we are indebted for a friendly offer to print articles by Mr. Kingsley Martin "during the black-out." The first will appear on Tuesday, February 18. We are sincerely grateful to these papers for the opportunity of thus speaking from our temporary grave.

A LONDON DIARY

I SEE that snow has put 200,000 American workers out of work in the city of Pittsburgh alone. But in a private enterprise society, if people are thrown out of work by the weather or by decision of employers, the ordinary public regards it as an Act of God; they only put a bit of the blame on the Government and then mainly out of bad temper. A Socialist administration, which announces a policy of planning and which nationalises the mines, takes over responsibility that has hitherto belonged to the Deity. If it claims credit for full employment, then inevitably it will get blamed for unemployment. Twenty-five years ago, when I was still an undergraduate, I remember Graham Wallas, that great analyser of political phrases in psychological terms, putting the point like this: "If a thunderstorm prevents you playing tennis, your freedom is as much affected, in fact, as if you were prevented from going out by a Government regulation. But in the one case you feel that the freedom of the individual is at stake, and in the other you do not." Socialists have always rightly pointed out that the evils of a capitalist society were much more due to human will and much more capable of remedy by human action than capitalist economists ever admitted. We were quite right. But we put ourselves out on a limb when we said it. The one point on which Mr. Churchill fairly criticised the Government was for not having worked out full plans for such an emergency well beforehand. It was not enough for Mr. Shinwell to tell the country in general terms that this might happen: surely he ought to have had a whole "operation" worked out, if not actually "rehearsed." Each industry should have known months ago what the announcement of electricity cuts would mean, whether it would be allowed to function or not, and the B.B.C. should have been fully used to explain the whole emergency plan to the public on Friday night. Then there would not have been a week-end of muddle and ill-informed criticism. The moral is that if a Government takes on responsibility for planning, it must take the whole public into its confidence about the plans, and expect abuse when it improvises to meet a disaster for which the public is ill-prepared.

* * *

Experienced as Chairman of the Association of Education Committees, George Tomlinson should do well as Minister of Education. His appointment is popular: he knows the field and he has the unusual qualification of looking at it from the workers' angle. David Hardman, as Under-Secretary, has done very well indeed; but he has not had a great deal of experience and the Prime Minister cannot be criticised for not making him Minister. In the case of the Minister of Works I feel differently. Charlie Key earned a grand reputation during the blitz and is an excellent second in command to Aneurin Bevan. But the successor to Tomlinson I should have liked to see was Harold Wilson, who has been a tower of strength as Parliamentary Secretary, and who is thoroughly equipped both with expert knowledge and administrative experience. He has represented the country most ably on the Food Relief Organisation in Washington, and I am disappointed that this chance of giving promotion to a successful younger Minister was not taken.

* * *

Just why Mr. Churchill should have been personally affronted when the Chancellor of the Exchequer agreed with him that it would be a "great convenience" if people smoked less tobacco I could not see. The reply was implicit in Mr. Churchill's question. But it was an extremely pertinent question. How many people realise that films and tobacco account for about 40 per cent. of all our imports from the United States and that if we bought less American films and tobacco we could have better food, more essential machinery, and make the loan last longer? It is an absolutely preposterous and devastating fact. What can the Government or any of us do about it? We must each ask ourselves. Personally I am an indiscriminate consumer of pipe tobacco and a very choosey filmgoer. I should be delighted if we bought fewer Hollywood films and gave much more screen time to French films, which are far the best in the world, and to British films which are, generally speaking, much better than American. And if this were done gradually, but resolutely, I think the public would respond and that its taste would improve. Tobacco is rather more difficult. We smoke 30 per cent. more than we did before the war, and nothing—not even an electricity cut—would make the Government more unpopular than a cigarette shortage. Mr. Dalton promises to support a national campaign against smoking if it begins in "another quarter." Mr. Churchill is the obvious person to start such a campaign. Many of us would follow him in this, even though with more reluctance than we felt in accepting his leadership in 1940. Maybe we ought all to become non-smokers, and I suppose the time to begin is now. There is only one reservation in my mind. Is it really impossible to mix more Rhodesian or Greek tobacco with Virginian? Is it impossible to switch the public taste from American tobacco? I know that the story goes round that the makers tried the experiment of 5 per cent. Turkish in cigarettes and that the public at once noticed and resented it. I find this hard to believe. It sounds to me like a manufacturer's yarn. In any case I'm sure that if people are told that Virginian is just not to be had, they will get used to smoking other tobacco, just as, if necessary, they will accept a decrease in the number of Hollywood thrills.

* * *

Mr. Law had not, it seemed to me, taken the trouble to brief himself properly for his speech on the Control Commission last week in the House. He had not thought out what he wanted to say. Was he accusing the Government in saying that 95 per cent. of the miseries of Germany were the fault of the Germans? Was he attacking officers of Mil. Gov. in desiring to be on record as defending the honour of British officials? One result of trying to have it all ways was that he never elicited from Mr. Hynd a proper account of the results of his inquiries into corrupt practices in Germany. This has still to be done. In the House Mr. Hynd seemed once again to suggest that charges made by Members and by this and other journals were unfounded. At a Press Conference after his return from Germany he admitted that some at least of the charges had been justified and that very severe disciplinary measures had been taken. Why not then correct the false impression he had given in the House and in Germany by publicly stating how far and how widespread he had found these evils to be and re-establish confidence by telling us what measures he is taking to end the conditions which foster corruption?

* * *

On the very day that Mr. Bellenger made the surprising reply that Poles in this country could still be arrested or punished by General Anders' officers under the Armed Forces Act of 1940, the Lord Chief Justice released under *habeas corpus* a Polish subject who had been detained under an Anders' court-martial sentence. Since the old Polish Government no longer exists, the Act of 1940 cannot be invoked by General Anders, and his army is a private army acting illegally in this country. The Bill creating the Polish Resettlement Corps, and providing for pensions, education and maintenance of its members, does not clear up this situation. It introduces a dangerous precedent in establishing what amounts to a Foreign Legion in the British Army, and it leaves undecided the position of the considerable number of Poles in Britain who refuse either to join the Corps or return to their own country. Surely the right solution is to allow only individual enlistment in the British Army. In the meantime, until the Poles who remain here have been absorbed in British industry, they should be maintained in civilian labour camps for which Mr. Isaacs, not Mr. Bellenger, should be responsible.

* * *

Buckingham Palace needs a sensible Public Relations department. The King and Queen have a sufficiently burdensome job without this tomfool "build-up." The other night, in a large cinema in Leicester Square, a middle-class and, I am sure, normally patriotic audience, guffawed in surely natural derision when a shot appeared on the screen of the King's very comfortable cabin in H.M.S. *Vanguard*, and the commentator unctuously remarked that it had been furnished, by royal instruction, with typical "austerity." I doubt whether the public are favourably impressed by the tales of "romantically African" life with which one newspaper regaled its readers as the spectacle to be unfolded before His Majesty—not even the planned war-dance by 5,000 Zulus at Eshowa. Too many people in this country are uncomfortably aware that labour conditions in the Union are a scandal, that recent strikes by coloured mine workers have been broken by the use of police, and that the Government of this semi-Fascist Dominion is engaged in defying the authority of Uno either to interfere on behalf of the Indian minority in Natal or to prevent the annexation of South-West Africa. The Royal Tour may have a commendable political purpose; but that is not helped by investing it with an atmosphere of Hollywood glamour. And what, I wonder, did listeners to the B.B.C. make last week-end of the announcement—spatch-cocked into news of the coal crisis—that 18 young men in South Africa were daily practising walking along a narrow plank suspended 6 feet above the ground in order that the service of meals in the Royal Train might be carried out by waiters whose balance no swaying could upset?

CRITIC

CONDITIONAL LAST WORDS

Critic:

If with this number we must cease to be,
If now from circulation we withdraw
We go to join the great majority
In pious expectation of a thaw.

Crossman:

We suffer in the icy blast
The pangs of Dissolution,
But our opponents of the past
Plead stay of execution.
So as we labour to present
Our last farewell edition,
We say God help the Government,
God bless the Opposition.

Mortimer:

Ma chandelle est morte,
Je n'ai plus de feu,
Il faut fermer la porte—
Provisoirement, Adieu.

Pritchett:

In the *New Statesman* winding-sheet I lie;
I praised where praise was due, and scorned to grovel.
And though untimely I have come to die
I'll be remembered by *The Living Novel*.

Vallance:

Sad news of our impending doom
Fills readers with dejection—
But under the Great Turnstile tomb
We wait the resurrection.

Whitebait:

There is a film through which I cannot see,
There is an empty stall that waits for me,
For now the Usher shows me to my seat
To watch a pre-view of eternity.

All:

We strove with all thought worthy of our strife,
We played a not dishonourable role,
And we proclaim 'ere we depart this life,
We made our sacrifice to save the coal.

SAGITTARIUS.

ELLEN WILKINSON

When I think of Ellen Wilkinson a whole series of vivid pictures is conjured up before my mind. The first was in 1921, when she led a Left flank of the National Guilds League to which, like most other Socialist undergraduates of that day, I had become attached. We had a famous "Guilds Week" at the Fabian Summer School that year. Margaret and Douglas Cole were at the top of their form; but the outstanding speech came from Ellen. So effective was her revolutionary eloquence that an exceedingly cautious old gentleman, named, if I remember rightly, Mr. Bottle, lept from his seat to say that he would draw his sword and join her at the barricades. The week ended with a grand "revue" in which a guillotine, moving with automatic regularity in the background, ended the lives of most of the actors. Sidney Webb (impersonated by Lothian Small) counted the heads to the tune of "Sing a Song of Sixpence," until it was his turn, too, to die. Ellen, with flaming hair down to her waist and a vast red bow over her chest, stood on a monstrous pile of corpses, exulting that "at last we have got rid of all the people with middle-class ideas." She alone was left; the rest were butchered to make a Fabian holiday.

It was well remarked afterwards that no one who could make fun of revolution could be a revolutionary. Ellen, like Lenin, was then a member of the Communist Party, but Lenin would not have thought our revue funny, and Ellen did not remain in the C.P. She continued, however, to work for the causes that had made her a Communist. No one in Jarrow doubted that Ellen gave all she had for the unemployed and the hunger-marchers; no one who read her report on India at the worst time of repression could be under any illusion that Ellen had lost her anger or her faith.

My next series of pictures are of Ellen in the early days of the Hitler regime and during the Spanish war. Her little flat was the centre of activity. The Committee for the victims of German Fascism, which fought for Dimitrov during the Reichstag trial and which organised underground work to aid German anti-Nazis, owed much to Ellen. One day she would be persuading a Cabinet Minister or ex-Ambassador to use his influence to get someone out of a concentration camp; the next, she would be organising a protest meeting in the Kingsway Hall. It was the same during the Spanish war. Her flat would be crowded with people ranging from the respectable right of the Labour movement to the revolutionary Left; Ellen would be on the long-distance telephone to Paris, planning with our French friends the next job of work.

These are the memories of Ellen that will persist in my mind. I saw her from time to time during the war and afterwards. It was not until 1940 that, under the spell of Mr. Churchill, Ellen "moved to the Right." She did a good job in the air-raids and no one could have been more keen on getting the right things done as Minister of Education. But even if her health had been good—and it has been far from good for the last twelve months—she would never have made a first-class administrator. She was essentially an enthusiast, an agitator, if you will, a champion of the dispossessed rather than a master of complex administrative detail. But that was her strength and value. No Government of which Ellen was a member would ever be complacent; no machine, in which she played a part, could degenerate into soul-less routine. She cared passionately; she was loyal to all her friends, rich and poor; she was not "objective" or even willing to let the individual be forgotten in the statistics. She was never comfortable sitting on a fence; she wanted to be in the battle. There should always be at least one or two such people—if we can find them—in every Labour Government.

KINGSLEY MARTIN

MANAGERS AND WORKERS

The Government's White Paper on "Economic Considerations Affecting Relations Between Employers and Workers" was valuable for its clear statement of unpalatable truths. Somewhat oddly, however, it was almost entirely silent about the change that has come over the relations of workers and employers and about its bearing on the problem of production. This change is twofold. In the first place, the shortage of labour, actual and prospective, and the sheer impossibility of increasing real wages, except for special groups of workers, until production has been greatly improved, mean that the machinery of collective bargaining and therewith the Trade Unions as negotiating bodies, turn of necessity into instruments for keeping the workers' demands in check. They can no longer even appear to be effective agencies for securing better terms in general out of the employers.

That is one factor; and it is important because it means that the ordinary worker is not likely to be much impressed by what his Trade Union leaders tell him. He has been used to regarding his Trade Union as an instrument for getting something for him in good times and for minimising his losses in bad times; and if, as matters stand, his Trade Union does not seem able to give him much help, despite the shortage of labour, the prestige of Trade Union leaders is bound to fall off, as long as they are not successful in discovering a fresh line of approach.

The second factor is more important still. It is, quite simply, that under the conditions of today capitalist discipline and capitalist incentives have broken down together, and nothing at all has taken their place. If workmen slack, employers cannot turn them off, or, if they do, cannot get anybody better to replace them; and at the same time the offer of piecework inducements or other forms of payment by results has lost much of its force, because there is so little to buy with the extra money, and because the workman has a sense—doubtless an exaggerated one—that the Government will take most of his extra earnings away from him in either direct or indirect taxation.

We are not for a moment justifying the current chatter of comfortable people about working-class "slacking." But what workers are being exhorted to do is not just not to slack, but to rise to a conception of all-out efficiency that they have never risen to before, except perhaps for a while after the disasters of 1940, and to keep on at this new and much higher level of effort, not simply for an exceptional and temporary spurt, but for ever and ever. Moreover, the working class is asked to do this with the aid of tools that are, in most industries, well below the pre-war level of efficiency—which was itself lowered by years of depression; and it is being asked to do it in the service of managements which, even when their intentions are good, are certainly not on the average relatively more efficient than the workers they employ.

Under these conditions, the response to mere exhortation, even if it is accompanied by the most conclusive demonstrations of the economic necessity of higher output, is bound to be small, and to follow a lead of diminishing returns. Exhortations from employers obviously cannot be expected to yield any results: employers have been exhorting their workers to produce more for as long as anyone can remember. It is expected of them: it is taken as a matter of course. But little more can be expected even when Trade Union leaders and Cabinet Ministers are heard singing in chorus with the F.B.I. The appeal simply does not get home to the ordinary workers who, day after day and week after week, face their regular tasks with nothing to bring home to their imagination—as the war for a time did bring home—the sense of their task being in any essential way different from what it has always been, and from what it was for their fathers.

There is only one place where the necessary—the most necessary and urgent—appeal can be made with effect; and that place is the workshop itself. There is only one sort of person who can make it with effect; and that is the actual workman (not the Trade Union official who has ceased to "work") talking to his fellow-workmen on the basis that it is up to him and them, and that the responsibility is theirs and, for the most part, nobody else's. Yet all the White Paper has to say about this aspect of the matter is contained in one short, uninspiring paragraph. This says: 'During the war in a number of industries machinery was developed for joint consultation between management and workpeople on production problems. The extension and further development of this practice would be of advantage."

Understatement could hardly be carried further. Surely the plain fact is that, if capitalist discipline has broken down because the workers no longer fear the sack, and if capitalist incentives have lost much of their force because nobody feels like going all out to earn a bit extra to share with the tax-gatherer, the only practicable discipline that remains is that of the workers themselves. This alternative, however, is not practicable unless the workers can be made to feel that something has happened in industry beyond a weakening of the employers' power. As long as this is the change of which they are mainly conscious, the natural psychological response is a relaxation of effort. What is needed is that the workers should feel, not so much that the employer has grown weaker as that they themselves are in possession of a new strength; and that they will never be made to feel vicariously, through the possession of it by Trade Union leaders or by Labour Cabinet Ministers. They can be made to feel it only in themselves, as members of workshop teams upon whom devolves the responsibility of making a success or a failure of the experiment in democracy for which they voted in 1945.

Neither the Government nor the Trade Union leaders appear to understand this fundamental psychological necessity. Sir Stafford Cripps recently talked much too glibly about the workers not being equipped to undertake the technical and managerial control of industry, as if that disposed of the whole question. Nobody in his senses supposes that untrained workers can take over the technical and managerial tasks of the experts. Nobody is suggesting that they should. What is suggested is that workmen do know a great deal about their own jobs and about the best way of organising them both individually and in group or squad work; and that in the vast majority of factories this knowledge and power, which the workers do possess, is simply not being used. What is suggested is, further, that only the harnessing of this power will make the workers feel that the nature of their jobs and of their relation to industry and to the community have really been changed.

What does this mean? More Joint Production Committees? Yes, but a good deal more than that. It means Joint Production Committees integrally connected with shop stewards and shop committees in every considerable establishment; and it means, even more fundamentally, a recasting of Trade Unionism that will make the shop stewards and the other factory groups the real driving power in the Trade Union machines. Unofficial strikes point to the correctness of this view; for it has been very clear in a good many recent cases how far Trade Union leaders are out of touch with the sentiment of their own members. There has been too much tendency in dealing with these cases to talk as if the "discipline" of the Trade Union officials ought now to replace the failing discipline of the employing class. Mr. Isaacs is given to speaking in that sense; and he is by no means alone. It is, however, the merest fantasy to suppose that workmen who are no longer afraid of their employers will accept a centralised Trade Union discipline instead. The new discipline, if it is to be effective, must proceed from the workers themselves—that is, from the kind of active and intelligent workers who become shop stewards and shop leaders, and can influence directly and by personal contact those with whom they work. This is one missing link in the Government's economic plan.

FRENCH AND BRITISH UNIONS

(From a Paris Correspondent)

MR. CROSSMAN recently asked in the NEW STATESMAN AND NATION whether the French were really "impossible." Now that many of Liberal and Labour views in Britain are turning seriously to the hope of economic integration in Western Europe—and especially between Britain and France—the question seems of new importance. Can the British and the French get on together? At first sight, the breach in aims and understanding seems very wide. But notwithstanding profound differences in style and speech, in tradition and interpretation of social and economic changes, the breach between the French and British peoples is probably far less wide than is commonly supposed. At bottom, both have the same problems; both want the same things; both possess "Western civilisation" to an exemplary degree; and a contribution from both will be required if this civilisation is to be preserved.

Integration may mean one of two things. It may mean the anti-Socialist alliance welcomed by British Conservatives and Frenchmen of the Centre and Right; or it may mean the creation of common policies and programmes by the progressive and working-class forces of the two countries. It is no use boggling over these definitions: their acceptance is fundamental to any *rapprochement* between the two countries.

For brevity's sake it will be well to concentrate the argument. In both countries the most telling factor in the shaping of social and economic policy—and the obvious common denominator of the sort of integration referred to in the Blum-Attlee agreement—is the will of the trade unions. No better way of measuring the chances of economic integration can be devised than a comparison of the wishes and influence of the T.U.C. with those of its French counterpart, the *Confédération Générale du Travail*. How close are these to one another?

It may be a question of timing. The British Cabinet's "statement" summing up Britain's economic prospects for the future years, showed that the rocks and reefs were still two years ahead, and would be reached only when the dollar credits were exhausted; but the Monnet Plan, France's "statement," to which the C.G.T. entirely subscribed, revealed that France was already on the rocks, and that only extraordinary efforts by the whole nation could avert immediate shipwreck. The French unions today are well aware of the emergency; much of their old prejudice and practice has gone overboard in an attempt to lighten the ship; and aloft on the boat-deck the middle-class has long since begun emitting urgent signals of distress.

In this predicament the unions in France have accepted solutions which—if present indications count for anything—must be accepted sooner or later by their British comrades. It was clear that union autonomy and an unco-ordinated drive for short-term benefits must mean a long series of industrial disputes, a tragic fall in production, the postponement of national recovery, and the door opened wide to Gaullist and Right-wing intrigue against democracy and the advance to Socialism. Convinced as they are that France must find her way to Socialism through forms of parliamentary democracy peculiar to Western Europe, the Communists who dominate the French trade unions therefore accepted as fundamental the principle that Socialism can be realised in France only if French production is large enough to allow structural reforms without a fall in the general standard of living. Those who vote for the progressive parties must be shown that Socialism is an immediate as well as a long-term benefit; and only higher production can do that. Equally, only higher production can make the exports to pay for new equipment and machine tools—themselves essential to more productive economy—and thus safeguard French independence from undue dollar credits and the worst effects of a transatlantic slump. Last, but not least, only higher production can offset the fall in national wealth occasioned by a gradual loss of colonial riches—and thus enable a progressive policy in North Africa and Indo-China to displace the old imperialism and its exploitation of native peoples.

The avowed aim of the French trade union movement, in short, is to forge the conditions for working-class supremacy without which an advance to Socialism in France must be long delayed and perhaps impossible. With a clarity and frankness which have shocked middle-class observers, union leaders have accepted—as an inevitable corollary to this aim—the need for qualities of discipline, unity, and foresight that would be worthy of a class determined to secure the leadership of French democracy. Right-wing newspapers like *Epoque* and *Aurore* call this "the new totalitarianism" and affect to see in it nothing more than Nazism under a new guise. Yet no progressive person in France imagines it as anything other than a necessary tool for the building of a new society.

Understanding by the leaders is only a beginning. Hence, the C.G.T. has developed throughout its federated unions a comprehensive drive for the education of their members into an understanding of the rôle they are called on to play at this juncture in history. Their future, they are reminded, depends not upon their leaders, nor upon their Ministers, nor upon the ineluctable processes of human development, but squarely and finally upon themselves. They can achieve Socialism by their efforts and their intelligence provided they grasp the issues at stake and act accordingly.

Anyone who has lived in France during the years since the liberation and watched this gradual unfolding of union tactics will be aware of the difficulties and disappointments which have lain in the way. In a country with a long and much-loved tradition of anarcho-syndicalism, it was often hard to win general support for a national attitude to wages, production, and trade union policy. It was entirely necessary to explain not only the need for higher production—that was the easiest part, for the evidence of a man's senses was usually enough to show him that the country could consume more or less in the measure that it could produce—but also that a concentration on higher production meant the denial of old habits of autonomy and individualism, the sacrifice of many immediate advantages, the refusal to strike for partial, short-term benefits, the admission of foreign labour, and the acceptance of central direction and leadership. While British unions are asking for the 40-hour week, the C.G.T. has committed itself to a 48-hour week. Next year, with union agreement, over 200,000 Italians will come to work in France.

Substantially, the leaders of the C.G.T. have realised their objectives. Since the Paris Congress of April, 1946—a milestone in the forming of union policy—the C.G.T. has an overwhelming majority in support of its national policies of wages and production. The highest hurdles have been taken: to-day the rank-and-file is growing aware of the enhanced prestige and influence which flow from a general recognition that French recovery and the defence of parliamentary democracy are inseparably linked with the achievements of the working-class and with its share in government. The drive for higher production and the voluntary refusal of short-term benefits have injected new life and confidence into the whole progressive movement in France.

The attitude of French progressives to foreign affairs is inevitably coloured by these achievements. No French Socialist or Communist in his senses would deny that the world would be a better place for close co-operation between the progressive movements in France, Britain, and the United States. On the economic plane they know that they must try hard for dollar credits at least until France is equipped with the means of modern industrial and agricultural production; and they would prefer, obviously, to borrow from a progressive America. For other reasons no less strong, they would welcome closer links with Britain, provided—and this is capital—that they can be sure that British policy will be progressive.

Manifestly, at the moment, they cannot be sure of this, nor the C.G.T. sure of the support and goodwill of the British trade union movement. They may not underestimate the fighting qualities of the British trade unions, though they tend to be as ignorant of their history as the British are of French trade union background, but they are extremely worried lest the British movement continue to accept short-term policies and positions which could only endanger the cause of Socialism in every country in the world, and not least in Great Britain itself. They are impressed with Bevin's record in Greece and elsewhere; they cannot help remembering the irrational anti-Communism of most British union leaders; they are only too aware of the opposition in Britain to national policies of wages and production. They know that adoption of these attitudes by the C.G.T. would have meant an uncontrollable outbreak of unauthorised strikes, the use of troops to bring food into the towns, a clamour for the 40-hour week at a time when its granting would mean national suicide, internecine rivalry and dispute between unions, a return to outworn policies of "each union for itself," and the gradual frittering away of the progressive movement's great assets in prestige and enthusiasm, and, above all, a serious threat to the future of French democracy. Not unnaturally, they ask themselves if such disasters can be avoided across the Channel.

Seeing these things, French trade unionists are inclined to pause and wonder just how far British progressives who call for closer links with France have thought out the implications of such a policy in the T.U.C. Common action for Socialist progress is undoubtedly possible between the British and French peoples: but possible, surely, only if the gap in aim and understanding between the T.U.C. and the C.G.T. is closed. And which is in the wrong? Should the C.G.T. return to sterile anti-Communism and union anarchy, or the T.U.C. advance towards what French unionists would think a wider appreciation of its responsibilities? Perhaps, after all, it is not only the French who may be impossible. . . .

The crying need seems to be for consultation and co-ordination between the two trade union movements: then, and only then, can the chances of economic integration for Socialism be truly measured.

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". . . Christ's disciples were just ordinary men. In Australia the test match is being played now and England's captain is Wally Hammond. A captain leads a team and his men follow him—*what Wally Hammond is to England today Christ was to the early Christians.*"—B.B.C. Light Programme, Sunday, February 9th.

I myself was in charge of such a gasworks near Norwich some years ago where on Sunday morning I would take my armchair on to the top of the gas-holder and read the newspaper—my weight giving just that extra pressure needed to cook the dinners (a reduction of pressure was unheard of then, of course, but it would have been very easy to apply).—Letter in *The Times*.

Here, near the frontier, you feel that the Central Government in Athens is a long way away. . . . British officers' amenities, such as snipe-shooting alone, are being interfered with.—*Daily Mail*.

ELLEN WILKINSON

When I think of Ellen Wilkinson a whole series of vivid pictures is conjured up before my mind. The first was in 1921, when she led a Left flank of the National Guilds League to which, like most other Socialist undergraduates of that day, I had become attached. We had a famous "Guilds Week" at the Fabian Summer School that year. Margaret and Douglas Cole were at the top of their form; but the outstanding speech came from Ellen. So effective was her revolutionary eloquence that an exceedingly cautious old gentleman, named, if I remember rightly, Mr. Bottle, lept from his seat to say that he would draw his sword and join her at the barricades. The week ended with a grand "revue" in which a guillotine, moving with automatic regularity in the background, ended the lives of most of the actors. Sidney Webb (impersonated by Lothian Small) counted the heads to the tune of "Sing a Song of Sixpence," until it was his turn, too, to die. Ellen, with flaming hair down to her waist and a vast red bow over her chest, stood on a monstrous pile of corpses, exulting that "at last we have got rid of all the people with middle-class ideas." She alone was left; the rest were butchered to make a Fabian holiday.

It was well remarked afterwards that no one who could make fun of revolution could be a revolutionary. Ellen, like Lenin, was then a member of the Communist Party, but Lenin would not have thought our revue funny, and Ellen did not remain in the C.P. She continued, however, to work for the causes that had made her a Communist. No one in Jarrow doubted that Ellen gave all she had for the unemployed and the hunger-marchers; no one who read her report on India at the worst time of repression could be under any illusion that Ellen had lost her anger or her faith.

My next series of pictures are of Ellen in the early days of the Hitler regime and during the Spanish war. Her little flat was the centre of activity. The Committee for the victims of German Fascism, which fought for Dimitrov during the Reichstag trial and which organised underground work to aid German anti-Nazis, owed much to Ellen. One day she would be persuading a Cabinet Minister or ex-Ambassador to use his influence to get someone out of a concentration camp; the next, she would be organising a protest meeting in the Kingsway Hall. It was the same during the Spanish war. Her flat would be crowded with people ranging from the respectable right of the Labour movement to the revolutionary Left; Ellen would be on the long-distance telephone to Paris, planning with our French friends the next job of work.

These are the memories of Ellen that will persist in my mind. I saw her from time to time during the war and afterwards. It was not until 1940 that, under the spell of Mr. Churchill, Ellen "moved to the Right." She did a good job in the air-raids and no one could have been more keen on getting the right things done as Minister of Education. But even if her health had been good—and it has been far from good for the last twelve months—she would never have made a first-class administrator. She was essentially an enthusiast, an agitator, if you will, a champion of the dispossessed rather than a master of complex administrative detail. But that was her strength and value. No Government of which Ellen was a member would ever be complacent; no machine, in which she played a part, could degenerate into soul-less routine. She cared passionately; she was loyal to all her friends, rich and poor; she was not "objective" or even willing to let the individual be forgotten in the statistics. She was never comfortable sitting on a fence; she wanted to be in the battle. There should always be at least one or two such people—if we can find them—in every Labour Government.

KINGSLEY MARTIN

MANAGERS AND WORKERS

The Government's White Paper on "Economic Considerations Affecting Relations Between Employers and Workers" was valuable for its clear statement of unpalatable truths. Somewhat oddly, however, it was almost entirely silent about the change that has come over the relations of workers and employers and about its bearing on the problem of production. This change is twofold. In the first place, the shortage of labour, actual and prospective, and the sheer impossibility of increasing real wages, except for special groups of workers, until production has been greatly improved, mean that the machinery of collective bargaining and therewith the Trade Unions as negotiating bodies, turn of necessity into instruments for keeping the workers' demands in check. They can no longer even appear to be effective agencies for securing better terms in general out of the employers.

That is one factor; and it is important because it means that the ordinary worker is not likely to be much impressed by what his Trade Union leaders tell him. He has been used to regarding his Trade Union as an instrument for getting something for him in good times and for minimising his losses in bad times; and if, as matters stand, his Trade Union does not seem able to give him much help, despite the shortage of labour, the prestige of Trade Union leaders is bound to fall off, as long as they are not successful in discovering a fresh line of approach.

The second factor is more important still. It is, quite simply, that under the conditions of today capitalist discipline and capitalist incentives have broken down together, and nothing at all has taken their place. If workmen slack, employers cannot turn them off, or, if they do, cannot get anybody better to replace them; and at the same time the offer of piecework inducements or other forms of payment by results has lost much of its force, because there is so little to buy with the extra money, and because the workman has a sense—doubtless an exaggerated one—that the Government will take most of his extra earnings away from him in either direct or indirect taxation.

We are not for a moment justifying the current chatter of comfortable people about working-class "slacking." But what workers are being exhorted to do is not just not to slack, but to rise to a conception of all-out efficiency that they have never risen to before, except perhaps for a while after the disasters of 1940, and to keep on at this new and much higher level of effort, not simply for an exceptional and temporary spurt, but for ever and ever. Moreover, the working class is asked to do this with the aid of tools that are, in most industries, well below the pre-war level of efficiency—which was itself lowered by years of depression; and it is being asked to do it in the service of managements which, even when their intentions are good, are certainly not on the average relatively more efficient than the workers they employ.

Under these conditions, the response to mere exhortation, even if it is accompanied by the most conclusive demonstrations of the economic necessity of higher output, is bound to be small, and to follow a lead of diminishing returns. Exhortations from employers obviously cannot be expected to yield any results: employers have been exhorting their workers to produce more for as long as anyone can remember. It is expected of them: it is taken as a matter of course. But little more can be expected even when Trade Union leaders and Cabinet Ministers are heard singing in chorus with the F.B.I. The appeal simply does not get home to the ordinary workers who, day after day and week after week, face their regular tasks with nothing to bring home to their imagination—as the war for a time did bring home—the sense of their task being in any essential way different from what it has always been, and from what it was for their fathers.

There is only one place where the necessary—the most necessary and urgent—appeal can be made with effect; and that place is the workshop itself. There is only one sort of person who can make it with effect; and that is the actual workman (not the Trade Union official who has ceased to "work") talking to his fellow-workmen on the basis that it is up to him and them, and that the responsibility is theirs and, for the most part, nobody else's. Yet all the White Paper has to say about this aspect of the matter is contained in one short, uninspiring paragraph. This says: 'During the war in a number of industries machinery was developed for joint consultation between management and workpeople on production problems. The extension and further development of this practice would be of advantage."

Understatement could hardly be carried further. Surely the plain fact is that, if capitalist discipline has broken down because the workers no longer fear the sack, and if capitalist incentives have lost much of their force because nobody feels like going all out to earn a bit extra to share with the tax-gatherer, the only practicable discipline that remains is that of the workers themselves. This alternative, however, is not practicable unless the workers can be made to feel that something has happened in industry beyond a weakening of the employers' power. As long as this is the change of which they are mainly conscious, the natural psychological response is a relaxation of effort. What is needed is that the workers should feel, not so much that the employer has grown weaker as that they themselves are in possession of a new strength; and that they will never be made to feel vicariously, through the possession of it by Trade Union leaders or by Labour Cabinet Ministers. They can be made to feel it only in themselves, as members of workshop teams upon whom devolves the responsibility of making a success or a failure of the experiment in democracy for which they voted in 1945.

Neither the Government nor the Trade Union leaders appear to understand this fundamental psychological necessity. Sir Stafford Cripps recently talked much too glibly about the workers not being equipped to undertake the technical and managerial control of industry, as if that disposed of the whole question. Nobody in his senses supposes that untrained workers can take over the technical and managerial tasks of the experts. Nobody is suggesting that they should. What is suggested is that workmen do know a great deal about their own jobs and about the best way of organising them both individually and in group or squad work; and that in the vast majority of factories this knowledge and power, which the workers do possess, is simply not being used. What is suggested is, further, that only the harnessing of this power will make the workers feel that the nature of their jobs and of their relation to industry and to the community have really been changed.

What does this mean? More Joint Production Committees? Yes, but a good deal more than that. It means Joint Production Committees integrally connected with shop stewards and shop committees in every considerable establishment; and it means, even more fundamentally, a recasting of Trade Unionism that will make the shop stewards and the other factory groups the real driving power in the Trade Union machines. Unofficial strikes point to the correctness of this view; for it has been very clear in a good many recent cases how far Trade Union leaders are out of touch with the sentiment of their own members. There has been too much tendency in dealing with these cases to talk as if the "discipline" of the Trade Union officials ought now to replace the failing discipline of the employing class. Mr. Isaacs is given to speaking in that sense; and he is by no means alone. It is, however, the merest fantasy to suppose that workmen who are no longer afraid of their employers will accept a centralised Trade Union discipline instead. The new discipline, if it is to be effective, must proceed from the workers themselves—that is, from the kind of active and intelligent workers who become shop stewards and shop leaders, and can influence directly and by personal contact those with whom they work. This is one missing link in the Government's economic plan

FRENCH AND BRITISH UNIONS

(From a Paris Correspondent)

MR. CROSSMAN recently asked in the NEW STATESMAN AND NATION whether the French were really "impossible." Now that many of Liberal and Labour views in Britain are turning seriously to the hope of economic integration in Western Europe—and especially between Britain and France—the question seems of new importance. Can the British and the French get on together? At first sight, the breach in aims and understanding seems very wide. But notwithstanding profound differences in style and speech, in tradition and interpretation of social and economic changes, the breach between the French and British peoples is probably far less wide than is commonly supposed. At bottom, both have the same problems; both want the same things; both possess "Western civilisation" to an exemplary degree; and a contribution from both will be required if this civilisation is to be preserved.

Integration may mean one of two things. It may mean the anti-Socialist alliance welcomed by British Conservatives and Frenchmen of the Centre and Right; or it may mean the creation of common policies and programmes by the progressive and working-class forces of the two countries. It is no use boggling over these definitions: their acceptance is fundamental to any *rapprochement* between the two countries.

For brevity's sake it will be well to concentrate the argument. In both countries the most telling factor in the shaping of social and economic policy—and the obvious common denominator of the sort of integration referred to in the Blum-Attlee agreement—is the will of the trade unions. No better way of measuring the chances of economic integration can be devised than a comparison of the wishes and influence of the T.U.C. with those of its French counterpart, the *Confédération Générale du Travail*. How close are these to one another?

It may be a question of timing. The British Cabinet's "statement" summing up Britain's economic prospects for the future years, showed that the rocks and reefs were still two years ahead, and would be reached only when the dollar credits were exhausted; but the Monnet Plan, France's "statement," to which the C.G.T. entirely subscribed, revealed that France was already on the rocks, and that only extraordinary efforts by the whole nation could avert immediate shipwreck. The French unions today are well aware of the emergency; much of their old prejudice and practice has gone overboard in an attempt to lighten the ship; and aloft on the boat-deck the middle-class has long since begun emitting urgent signals of distress.

In this predicament the unions in France have accepted solutions which—if present indications count for anything—must be accepted sooner or later by their British comrades. It was clear that union autonomy and an unco-ordinated drive for short-term benefits must mean a long series of industrial disputes, a tragic fall in production, the postponement of national recovery, and the door opened wide to Gaullist and Right-wing intrigue against democracy and the advance to Socialism. Convinced as they are that France must find her way to Socialism through forms of parliamentary democracy peculiar to Western Europe, the Communists who dominate the French trade unions therefore accepted as fundamental the principle that Socialism can be realised in France only if French production is large enough to allow structural reforms without a fall in the general standard of living. Those who vote for the progressive parties must be shown that Socialism is an immediate as well as a long-term benefit; and only higher production can do that. Equally, only higher production can make the exports to pay for new equipment and machine tools—themselves essential to more productive economy—and thus safeguard French independence from undue dollar credits and the worst effects of a transatlantic slump. Last, but not least, only higher production can offset the fall in national wealth occasioned by a gradual loss of colonial riches—and thus enable a progressive policy in North Africa and Indo-China to displace the old imperialism and its exploitation of native peoples.

The avowed aim of the French trade union movement, in short, is to forge the conditions for working-class supremacy without which an advance to Socialism in France must be long delayed and perhaps impossible. With a clarity and frankness which have shocked middle-class observers, union leaders have accepted—as an inevitable corollary to this aim—the need for qualities of discipline, unity, and foresight that would be worthy of a class determined to secure the leadership of French democracy. Right-wing newspapers like *Epoque* and *Aurore* call this "the new totalitarianism" and affect to see in it nothing more than Nazism under a new guise. Yet no progressive person in France imagines it as anything other than a necessary tool for the building of a new society.

Understanding by the leaders is only a beginning. Hence, the C.G.T. has developed throughout its federated unions a comprehensive drive for the education of their members into an understanding of the rôle they are called on to play at this juncture in history. Their future, they are reminded, depends not upon their leaders, nor upon their Ministers, nor upon the ineluctable processes of human development, but squarely and finally upon themselves. They can achieve Socialism by their efforts and their intelligence provided they grasp the issues at stake and act accordingly.

Anyone who has lived in France during the years since the liberation and watched this gradual unfolding of union tactics will be aware of the difficulties and disappointments which have lain in the way. In a country with a long and much-loved tradition of anarcho-syndicalism, it was often hard to win general support for a national attitude to wages, production, and trade union policy. It was entirely necessary to explain not only the need for higher production—that was the easiest part, for the evidence of a man's senses was usually enough to show him that the country could consume more or less in the measure that it could produce—but also that a concentration on higher production meant the denial of old habits of autonomy and individualism, the sacrifice of many immediate advantages, the refusal to strike for partial, short-term benefits, the admission of foreign labour, and the acceptance of central direction and leadership. While British unions are asking for the 40-hour week, the C.G.T. has committed itself to a 48-hour week. Next year, with union agreement, over 200,000 Italians will come to work in France.

Substantially, the leaders of the C.G.T. have realised their objectives. Since the Paris Congress of April, 1946—a milestone in the forming of union policy—the C.G.T. has an overwhelming majority in support of its national policies of wages and production. The highest hurdles have been taken: to-day the rank-and-file is growing aware of the enhanced prestige and influence which flow from a general recognition that French recovery and the defence of parliamentary democracy are inseparably linked with the achievements of the working-class and with its share in government. The drive for higher production and the voluntary refusal of short-term benefits have injected new life and confidence into the whole progressive movement in France.

The attitude of French progressives to foreign affairs is inevitably coloured by these achievements. No French Socialist or Communist in his senses would deny that the world would be a better place for close co-operation between the progressive movements in France, Britain, and the United States. On the economic plane they know that they must try hard for dollar credits at least until France is equipped with the means of modern industrial and agricultural production; and they would prefer, obviously, to borrow from a progressive America. For other reasons no less strong, they would welcome closer links with Britain, provided—and this is capital—that they can be sure that British policy will be progressive.

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BEHAVIOUR DISORDERS AND THE LAW

THE same week which saw the Lords pressing for an early hearing of the Penal Law Reform Bill produced a signal example of the necessity for such reform. A young woman was charged at Warwick Assizes with having gone through a form of marriage with another woman, and was sentenced to nine months' imprisonment. Testimony given by the accused's mother tended to show that a part at least of the accused's behaviour-disorder was due to the influence of an older pervert whom the accused had met while in prison serving a previous sentence for larceny and false pretences.

The attitude of English law to sexual offenders is one of the most uncivilised features of our society. The law as it stands embodies most of the ecclesiastical morality which classified sexual practices with the minuteness and perverse love of detail which misplaced scholarship usually displays. But although the medievalism which can invade individual privacy in pursuit of immoral practices, irrespective of their social importance, is harmful enough, it is negligible compared with the savagery of treatment shown to sexual delinquents. It is a general rule that sexual offences are second only to political offences in the severity of the sentences they receive, and to the official sentence is added the whole weight of public contempt. Not only does the sexual psychopath who cannot control himself have to face a long sentence; the abnormal subject who is not anti-social and shows no behaviour disorder lives in constant fear of detection, and under a burden of guilt which makes him unapproachable, solitary, and increasingly hard to treat. In social communities this tremendous weapon of public disapproval is used to restrain anti-social acts. In contemporary society we reserve it for our invalids.

Sexual disorders like fetichism and exhibitionism (both of which are largely the creation of the laws relating to nudity) have been fully described and recognised since about 1880; they are definite, unmistakable clinical entities. Travestism, of which the Warwick case seems to have been an instance, is another. The only section of the community which does not know their nature seems to be the legal profession and the Bench. In this respect judges behave infinitely worse than magistrates. A good many Summary Courts remand exhibitionists for a medical report, or put them on medical probation: in Assize Courts similar cases invariably get long terms of imprisonment. The man who is suffering from a minor aberration of sexual impulse, aggravated by the guilt which its presence causes in his mind and the inaccessibility of normal gratification—frequently an adolescent brought up in a society which combines the minimum of outlet with the maximum of stimulation—is driven to one abnormal act. We treat him by confinement in the celibacy of prison for some months, destroying his whole social life and self-respect. On coming out of prison, he usually repeats the offence and returns to gaol for a longer term. Not a few of these sentences prove in the long run to be death sentences. They lead to suicide or to certifiable psychosis, or at best they turn the patient from a sick man to a moral and mental derelict. Inversion and exhibitionism are frequently found in highly-sensitive and hyperaesthetic subjects, to whom public disgrace is a form of torture they would gladly exchange for physical mutilation. They may also co-exist with a general moral defect, but in any case they require treatment.

What is the moral and social justification for all this? It might be inferred that the offences which receive such punishment—severer than that awarded for swindling, or respectable crimes such as perjury—would be the most destructive to the community, or at least, like sedition or refusal of military duty, which are also savagely punished, dangerous to the State-holders. But there is not the smallest reason to suggest that the invert, unless he indulges in homosexual rape or assaults on children, or the exhibitionist does the smallest social or personal mischief to anybody but himself. Inversion is a reason for pity: the subject is denied the satisfaction and companionship of normal marriage, and rarely finds it possible to achieve any homosexual equivalent, even when he is not exposed at every turn to hatred, blackmail and disgrace. The exhibitionist offends against a social custom which is neither universal among civilised nations nor natural to the individual: his impulse would not be an abnormality at all in a society whose attitude to nakedness was not in itself pathologically conditioned; and the behaviour-disorder usually disappears if the victim has the money to join a "Sun Bathing" establishment which enables him to cloak his abnormality under a doctrine of pseudo-hygiene and nudism. The balance of cases are either frustrated adolescents, too ignorant to seek help, or mental defectives.

The Warwick case was typical of the group in which the behaviour-disorder was only the culmination of a series of conflicts between the patient and her surroundings. The same was true of the crimes for which Heath was hanged. In his case, if it had been simply another charge of false pretences or masquerading as an officer, nobody would have dreamed of investigating his mental condition. Sadism is, after all, analogous to greed, a distortion of a normal component in us all, which does not express itself in overt acts unless we can rationalise it as discipline, as we rationalise greed as good business, or unless we are otherwise mentally deranged. In the Warwick case, the need for prophylactic psychotherapy after the first, non-sexual, offence is too strong to require stating. This type of case might profit by institutional supervision, but it is typical of the legalistic approach that, having served her useless sentence and been discharged untreated, the accused is returned to the environment under which she initially broke down.

The Bench is frequently under the impression that psychiatry is a routine procedure in prison. The standard of individual attention is well shown by the following remarkable figures:

> Dr. Barnett Stross asked the Home Secretary how many medically qualified psychiatrists were employed full-time and how many part-time in British prisons. Mr. C. Ede replied: "Of the 28 whole-time medical officers at present in the prison service, six hold the diploma of psychological medicine, and all the more senior medical officers in the service have had considerable experience in psychiatry. There are three medically qualified part-time psychiatrists. All cases in which there is any reason to think psychiatric treatment might be beneficial, whether a court has or has not suggested such treatment, are investigated, and if it appears likely that such treatment will be advantageous during the prison sentence it is provided."
>
> *Lancet*, Aug. 10, 1946.

Meanwhile the law's treatment of sexual abnormality which has genuine and serious social repercussions is lenient to the point of encouragement. One may get seven years for homosexuality by consent: for savagely beating a child, the "disciplinary" sadist might possibly get two years. The chronic lecher, who acts out of inordinate conceit, and would be greatly benefited by a sharp lesson, is not guilty of any punishable offence. He is the leading figure of many films. We punish a certain percentage of sadistic manifestations—the overtly sexual type, where all normality has not been lost, as it is in the flagellant schoolmaster or the bullying N.C.O.—by sadistic punishments, such as flogging. The ambivalence of sadism and masochism is such that these punishments have no deterrent effect on the sadistic subject—they fascinate him and may attract him. The mental patient who first said "Who's dotty now?" provided the superscription for the gateway of every law-court where sexual offences are tried and every prison where they are punished.

ALEX COMFORT

The Arts and Entertainment

RADIO NOTES

PARADOXICALLY perhaps, the stage action of an opera is often better imagined than seen. Think of that passage in Act 1 of *Die Walküre*, where Hunding packs the reluctant Sieglinde off to bed; or that other, in Act 3 of *Siegfried*, where Brünnhilde wakes up and salutes the dawn. In both cases Wagner was so fascinated by his musical description of the events as to forget that there is an optimum time for performing any action, however stylised. Spun out so as to fit the phases of the music, those two scenes (and others one could mention) become strained to the point of absurdity: the motions of the actors lose meaning and resemble the meanderings of drunkards. Imagined, these passages achieve their intended effect, for the gestures and movements are identical with those of the music itself, and so are conveyed to us, more vaguely but without a sense of ineptitude, in the tempo proper to the music. At such moments the narrator's voice may quite naturally intersperse a comment, since only a very small minority of listeners can be expected to know the exact course of the action in advance. The opera broadcasts from the Continent suggest that, although the singing over there is inclined to be much better than ours, the B.B.C. has developed a superior technique of studio production. Abroad they seldom make any attempt to "present" the opera in accordance with the medium, and even the singers are not discouraged from using as much voice as they would in a theatre, which spoils the tone quality and is destructive of nuances in acting-with-the-voice. In other respects, however, these transmissions have been enormously pleasurable, and I should like to suggest a number of operas with which continental companies might be solicited to continue their supply.

Hamburg, then, could be asked to give us Wolf's *Der Corregidor*, which is dramatically feeble and diffuse, but full of glorious music; and the same composer's posthumous fragment, *Manuel Venegas*. Also Goetz's charming comedy, *The Taming of the Shrew*, and Schumann's ill-starred *Genoveva*, which contains many fine pages but seems unlikely ever to be revived on a stage. From Prague we might expect Janacek's Hardyesque *Jenufa*, a music-drama of considerable romantic power, and the same composer's last opera, *The House of the Dead*, which is said to be very remarkable. Either Prague or Zurich could, I believe, still manage Berg's two operas, *Wozzeck* and *Lulu*; while from Paris, beside such routine works as *Zampa* and Massenet's *Werther* (one of the best French operas of its day, but practically unknown here), we might reasonably expect special performances of d'Indy's *L'Etranger*, Laparra's *La Habanera*, and Stravinsky's *Oedipus Rex*. We should be grateful for a Russian broadcast of almost any Russian opera (so slightly do we really know their repertoire), though especially, perhaps, at the moment, *The Golden Cockerell*. And what should we ask for from La Scala? Verdi's *Luisa Miller*, no doubt, and *Simon Boccanegra*; but above all one of Pizzetti's operas—*Fra Gherardo*, say, or *Orseolo*. From what I know of this composer's vocal and instrumental music I suspect him of being, not only the best living Italian composer, but particularly endowed from the dramatic point of view. His *Concerto dell' Estate*, broadcast last week, had in a high degree the picturesque and ecstatic qualities which are essential to a composer of operas.

A frequent, if irregular, series of such transmissions could hardly fail to raise our standards of what opera ought to be. If it achieved little in the technical sphere beyond making some of our own singers aware of their own shortcomings, that would be a step on the road to general improvement. Although unwilling to seem to puff a colleague, I do not see why I should refrain from calling attention to the excellence of Desmond Shawe-Taylor's recent talk on "The Technical Basis of a Good Style" in singing. Admirably chosen, the contrasted examples spoke for themselves; but his discourse was no less persuasive,

partly because—unlike so many speakers we hear on the Third Programme and elsewhere—he knows how to broadcast. Illustrated radio studies like this are worth a dozen newspaper articles, or even books, for the evidence they afford is palpable.

EDWARD SACKVILLE WEST

KIRSTEN FLAGSTAD

"LIKE the taste of butter," said one of my neighbours at the Flagstad concert, "after ten years of margarine." "Or like seeing the sea again," said another. And it was true: any anxiety we might have felt about the state of her voice was dispelled in the first few phrases of Isolde's Narrative. Here was the old ease and buoyancy, the golden notes effortlessly reappearing like the head of a strong swimmer after each orchestral wave, the solid, equable two-octave compass, the sense of security, the ability to maintain the same quality from pianissimo to fortissimo. There were one or two moments when it seemed that a beat was beginning to develop in that soprano danger-spot round E and F; but it proved to be no more than a passing cloud on the summer sea.

The pleasure of hearing Wagner sung, and beautifully sung, instead of being bawled and screamed, was so intoxicating that I felt rather impatient when an old friend complained in the interval that surely this wasn't the real Isolde. Of course there's some truth in the objection. Mme Flagstad is a sublime natural phenomenon, and on top of that she's sound and accurate and (within certain limits) a sensitive musician. But her temperament is cold, placid, Northern, sensible: when she sings "Ozean! du Ungeheuer!" One never feels that she is in the least danger of getting her feet wet, and in the Isolde of the first act she fails to suggest as Frida Leider used to suggest, all the mingled fury, scorn, passion and despair, in fact the whole love-hate complex that Wagner has so wonderfully depicted. Nevertheless in the Liebestod, where serenity is all, her performance is incomparably beautiful—perhaps because "all passion spent" is a mood which comes more easily if you never had very much to spend. And even in tense pages of Brünnhilde's and Isolde's music in which her temperamental shortcomings are most evident, she still makes an effect of overwhelming grandeur and beauty simply by singing every note with clear and radiant tone. Occasionally one met a Shakespearean actor, endowed with quite modest histrionic gifts, who moves us profoundly by simply floating the full meaning and the full music of Shakespeare's lines so that they penetrate effortlessly into every corner of the theatre (a thing which the star actors of our day hardly ever do). So it is with Mme Flagstad: she allows Wagner to speak for himself, and Wagner proves to be enough. If there were ten Flagstads in circulation, and the other nine had her voice plus the temperament of a Bernhardt, then would be the time to embark on damaging comparisons. Meanwhile: *Thalassa, thalassa!*

Pierre Bernac's recital at the Cambridge Theatre was notable for a sensitive interpretation of Schumann's *Dichterliebe* cycle (beautifully accompanied by Francis Poulenc), and for five new settings by Lennox Berkeley of poems by Walter de la Mare. That these attractive, if slight, songs should have had to wait for a French interpreter is as discreditable to our own singers as his enterprise and remarkable command of English are creditable to M. Bernac. The audience, plainly delighted, insisted on an encore; and I wondered, by no means for the first time, why this composer, with his delicate but true talent, is still completely unrecognised by the recording companies and the British Council. Either the *Divertimento* or the *String Serenade* which was recently played on the Third Programme would make a delightful set of records.

DESMOND SHAWE-TAYLOR

THE MOVIES

"School for Danger," at the London Pavilion and the Tivoli.

"And what was the *locum tenens* like?" "Quite nice, dear, not low and a very *short* address." This wisp of childhood memory advises me to discuss *School for Danger* more briefly than it deserves. Made by the R.A.F. Film Unit, it shows the training and activities of British agents working with the French Resistance. The first thing one wants to know is why this film, which was completed, we are told, a year ago, has been held up until much of the material has been scooped by 13 *Rue Madeleine?* And why is it distributed by an American company? Ought a film made with British Government money to be swelling our dollar indebtedness? Someone has blundered, or else been very artful; and we have the right to know the facts. Will the M.O.I., or rather the C.O.I., offer us an explanation of this unhappy incident? The contrast with 13 *Rue Madeleine* is interesting, for the English film is performed by actual agents, who repeated their war-time acts in front of the camera in France. Mlle Jacqueline Nearne and Captain Harry Rée make a handsome couple, she gleaming with resolution and intelligence, he as fresh as a buttercup and as cool as a trout-stream. Yet they recklessly disobey the first commandment in the Goldwyn Decalogue, and neither kiss nor show the faintest sign of wishing to kiss. They have, as the French say, other cats to whip; wireless messages to send, factories to set on fire, locomotives to blow up, landing-grounds to extemporise, Gestapo agents to delude. The stunning final when a whole village turns out to drag a bogged Lancaster on to level ground is, to my knowledge, factual. Whereas in 13 *Rue Madeleine* the would-be French scenes were grotesquely implausible, *School for Danger* offers French peasants and priests and houses that are authentic as well as beautifully photographed. I can recommend the film enthusiastically, it is absorbing. And after it I could hardly sit through *The Chase*, a slick gangster thriller, excellently acted—but by actors.

RAYMOND MORTIMER

THE RETURN OF MASSINE

BY a curious coincidence the Royal Court of Cambodia and the Royal Opera House, Covent Garden, celebrated an auspicious event on the same day. Of course, we could not offer *our* White Elephant, Leonide Massine, anything like the same glorious reception, nor ensure him a life of ease. But the tumultuous ovation he received was a spontaneous tribute of admiration and delight to one of the rarities of classical ballet. The discovery that he has lost nothing of his prodigious style and mastery as a dancer and nothing of his power and patience as a teacher, and the knowledge that his collaboration with the Sadler's Wells Ballet is to be prolonged, is great matter for rejoicing. It was extraordinarily moving to see again Picasso's exquisite decor, even with its brightness slightly dimmed, to hear de Falla's splendid music and to watch Massine's subtle and vigorous choreography, as fresh and exciting as ever, after more than a quarter of a century. That he has so quickly been able to infuse some of his own magnificent rhythm into the corps-de-ballet is a tribute to the quality of their training and their own quickness of response as well as to the genius of Massine. They do not yet look, or sound, Spanish, but they have certainly acquired an admirable precision and vigour, which should react favourably on certain other Spanish dances in the *Lac des Cygnes*. John Hart gave a good rendering of the Governor; Margot Fonteyn danced superbly and looked the part of the Miller's Wife to perfection. But she is still rather too urban and sophisticated, with little of the earth-born, passionate Flamenco. Her wonderful dance, where the shawl winds to a spire above her head, looked the feat it was, but lacked the almost frightening magic it should have. A certain heavy brooding quality is lacking at present to her immense vivacity and grace; but to be

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February 24

JONATHAN CAPE

a worthy partner for such a supreme stylist as Massine is surely a great achievement; and this she was.

In less than a week Massenet has been twice revived: *Manon* at Covent Garden, the ballet music of *Le Cid* at Sadler's Wells, in Celia Franca's new ballet, *Bailemos*. (Bailey Moss was how I heard it pronounced; why be more Spanish than Massenet?) Miss Honor Frost's decor is rather too reminiscent of certain modernist corner houses; but her black costumes are charming (not, however, the black stockings worn with ballet shoes) and the Russo-Moorish style of the male peasants' dress as well as their dance correspond admirably to the lively rhythms which alternate with langorous ones in Massenet's amusing score. Celia Franca, who leads the group of peasants, dances admirably; so does Alan Carter as a noble, and Donald Britton as a peasant. The latter is indeed the *clou* of this ballet. He is, at sixteen, already a brilliant dancer, with immense vitality and charm. He is one of Miss de Valois's best discoveries, and one looks forward to seeing him, in time, in leading classical roles.

BERYL DE ZOETE

ROUND THE EXHIBITIONS

At the Gimpel Gallery some gouaches by Lurçat are on exhibition. Before the war Lurçat gave the impression of wandering from place to place like a lost soul, gazing mournfully out to sea across desolate sands, more conscious of the world in decay than the majority of his fellow-artists who still clung frantically to their freedom, but as powerless as anyone to arrest the downward course. His pessimism was reflected in the melancholy landscapes of that period, some of which may be studied in this exhibition, and contrasted with his later work. Lurçat belongs with that group of painters, whose ranks are swelling year by year, who feel uneasy if forced by circumstances to work in a vacuum, who are more oppressed than stimulated by boundless liberty, and who thrive on the discipline imposed by the function which their art is intended to fulfil. Tapestry-designing has come to his rescue, by providing him with new responsibilities and with intellectual problems of a different order from any that the painters of the twenties and thirties had to face. The very limitations of his medium assist him to canalize his energy along fruitful lines, and the need to take into consideration the type of building and the wall-space for which the tapestries are destined, acts as a stimulus to, rather than a restraint on his creative faculties. These gouaches are not direct studies but possible ideas for tapestries, and have therefore to conform to a similar decorative scheme. Domestic and farmyard animals, represented in profile in an unreal space, are forced into rigid patterns; their untidy hair gathers into schematic triangles; and their mouths, in real life sulky or vicious when they bare their teeth, are frozen into heraldic grimaces.

In the same rooms are some interesting pictures by Minchine, a name almost unknown in England because he died in obscurity at an early age in the South of France. Here was a death truly in the heroic tradition, and Van Gogh was of the company. The visitor pressed for time is advised not to pay too much attention to the gouaches which are monotonous, but to make for two excellent oil-paintings, one entitled "Near Toulon," the other a "Self-portrait during Carnival." Though Minchine came to Paris from Kiev via Berlin, there is scarcely a hint of the Slav or the Teutonic in either of these pictures, so complete was his immersion in French culture. This is true at any rate of his technique and use of colour, even if the tragic sentiment of his self-portrait may reveal his origins. In this picture he wears a comic hat and an asinine grin on his face, as though in self-defence he had assumed the role of the professional funny man at a party and, sidling diffidently up to the other guests, had whispered "*please* find me entertaining."

At the Lefevre are some beautiful water-colours by Tunnard—whisps of cotton-wool clouds threaded through bomb-shattered girders stuck into panoramic landscapes—which confirmed my opinion that he was one of the most promising painters of this rarified school. The pastels by Matthew Smith would seem rather empty and mechanical if hung for a month over one's own mantelpiece. The gouaches by Lawrence Payne, sensitive though they are, fail to meet the spectator half-way. A picture should stride forward from the wall and shake the visitor warmly by the hand. The most unexpected of all the exhibits is a pin-up girl by Wyndham Lewis, waiting, after a few retouches, to be slipped loose between the pages of a fashion magazine.

BENEDICT NICOLSON

TO OUR POSTAL SUBSCRIBERS

If publication of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION is suspended during the crisis, the period of each postal subscription will be extended accordingly.

Correspondence

MINERS' WAGES

SIR,—When the members of the N.C.B. plan the new wage scales they must not forget to remove the injustice created when a minimum rate of pay was fixed. It is now seriously affecting production.

Forty per cent of the men employed underground, in an average type of mine, receive this minimum, while the colliers, 23 per cent, the packers, 12 per cent, the rippers 12 per cent, the mechanically skilled 10 per cent, and a further 3 per cent of officials receive more, mostly earned on a "piece rate." Those paid the minimum of £5 come under the general heading of haulage hands. The danger, I wish to point out, is that, although their efficiency directly affects production, these men are not encouraged to do their best. Whether one of them is twenty-one or seventy-five, does, well or badly, a skilled job with responsibility or a simple one without, whether dangerous or safe work, his pay remains the same. The Government have not made him feel a national hero and a belated publicity is unlikely. The pit officials will suffer for another generation from the "driving complex" of the pre-war era, which has made them unable to appreciate good work or to utter even a word of praise. Under these circumstances, the haulage hand, with a grim past of unnecessary overworking, naturally tends to take it easy.

May I suggest a two-fold system of payment? First the haulage hand ought to have a bonus on the tonnage of coal produced, thus giving him incentive to, and reward for, extra effort; secondly, the more skilled, heavy and dangerous work, for which experience and ability are needed, ought to be made worth while attempting. The details of comparative pay must be worked out separately at each pit, as the conditions differ greatly.

PAUL RITTER

MERCHANT SEAMEN

SIR,—May I comment on an omission in your comments on the need for greater wage incentives in unpopular occupations? You fail to include the Merchant Seamen among the backward industries.

No one is so sick of hearing meaningless praise of his wartime effort and courage as the Merchant Seaman, so I will merely remind you that merchant ships were in the front line, not in patches like the Army and Air Force, but continuously from the day the war started until the day it ended.

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It always takes a war to lift the wages of seamen (and by seamen I mean all departments and ranks of a ship's company). In the last war, the money rose to £20 per month and food supplied. This is hardly over-payment. Seamen work a 63-hour week (fifty-seven hours with another six that can be claimed and usually is). Wages, as such, rose only a few pounds from the pre-war £9 a month, and the balance was awarded not as wages but as War Risks Money. It could, therefore, be taken away when war risks no longer existed.

The owners are now in the process of taking it. Even they (and there are few more bare-faced wage-parers than ship owners) cannot take it all away and so there is to be an adjustment. The proposed new wage is to be around £18 a month. This is a little over £4 a week and food . . . for a fifty-six-hour week. This should compare with about the lowest wage paid for shore labour. And no matter how facile the argument, it is still a drop in wages of £2 a month when all other wages are rising.

Wars, too, introduced dilution to an extent no shore labour ever permitted. At sea it was always "justified" by the vitally important need for seamen, but it continued right between the wars after the rating of "Seaman" was introduced in the 1914-18 war. Before then a seaman had to serve three years as an Ordinary Seaman to be rated an A.B. but since then any coal heaver or clerk who doesn't like the Army or Navy can sail as a Seaman or, as they call them now, efficient deck-hands, and draw a skilled seaman's wage. There is a much mistaken idea that because ships are now steamers sailoring is not so important nor skill at his job necessary for the seaman. This is both wrong and dangerous.

The number of men who were drowned during the war because an unskilled hand was lowering a boat or made the wrong movement at a vital time must be many. Shipowners and, unfortunately, too many ships' officers prefer unskilled labour at sea because a man not sure of his work will do tasks that no good sailor will do. The Union are trying at present to prevent this dilution. They should never have permitted it. It has taken away what pride in their job seamen ever had and has driven many good men to other jobs and reduced the seaman to a labourer.

The newspapers give much publicity to new ships supplying decent accommodation to seamen and firemen. German ships have had cabins for two or three men for the past twenty years to my knowledge, and United States ships treat their hands with some idea of human dignity. Even today, the older British ships and some of the not-so-old supply accommodation of the standard of a workmen's shelter. Anyone with enough interest should step on board the average British coasting steamer and see a slum of the worst type. There is no talk of improving the living conditions on these old ships, so I suppose the sailor will wait until they all sink or rot away before he can reach this luxury he reads about.

These are a few of the details that make the proud profession of Merchant Seaman a backward industry. The average landsman, or writer of industrial affairs, appears to be so busy admiring the seaman drown that he forgets the sailor is a workman earning a wage. Even his Union preaches far too much the religion of patience. It has taken close on forty years to bring Jack's wage to less than anyone else's and give him a wooden bench in a forecastle as his armchair. Loyalty is fine but when it keeps a man in a floating slum and his family on the poverty line there comes a time when the glitter fails to blind.

Lamorna, nr. Penzance. J. L. KERR

THE CHINESE INTELLECTUALS

SIR,—Although I read Chun-Chan Yeh's article on "The Chinese Intelligentsia" in your issue of December 28th, 1946, with great interest and considerable admiration for his analysis and humour, I could not help feeling that at moments he became somewhat fanciful—perhaps he was carried away by his enthusiasm—and he has made at least one important omission.

He mentioned in his article that the Chinese intelligentsia was reduced to a nonentity with the successive invasions of Western and Japanese capitalism. He did not, however, point out that with the decline of the "commercial compradore" in China there has arisen a class of "intellectual compradores." The latter as a class stand somewhere between the ivory tower dwellers and Mr. Yeh's neo-Confucians. To a varying extent they permeate both. They are certainly no ivory tower dwellers as the majority of them are fighting for a place under the Kuomintang sun, nor are they neo-Confucians, as they are no believers in a stoic form of living. They include a very high percentage of all the Chinese students who have received higher Western education, as well as the whole of the professorial class, who are playing an increasingly important role in public affairs. Without them the Western Powers would never have tolerated the boorish war-lords for so long during the earlier years of the Republic; nor could the relationship between the Nanking and Chungking regimes with English-speaking Powers be maintained on such a smooth basis. In other words, they act as a lubricant between two immense entities, entirely different in race, history, tradition, and mode of living. It was the lack of this very lubricant which has caused the birth and infancy of the U.S.S.R. to be attended with so much experience and harsh cry of pain.

As a class, the "intellectual compradores" can be said to have the most principle as well as the least. They can be said to have the most principle because they talk more about principles than any other class of people. They can be said to have the least principle; for, like intellectuals everywhere, they are equipped with a brain to rationalise. Owing to this combination of vision and flexibility, which are a part of their nature, they can be an instrument and asset to any group or section of the people who may be in power, just as the "scholars" of old in China have been of service to all the successive Dynasties of all the centuries past. Even when we consider the immediate present, we will find that they, as a class, have been responsible for a large measure of the more humane and enlightened measures initiated by the Government.

As all things change in course of time, it would be undialectical to label this class of people as "intellectual compradores" for always. I am calling them "intellectual compradores" only because they are not as yet an indigenous product of the good earth of China; they are only the product of the point of contact between China and the West. In short, they are playing a part in the intellectual and political spheres very much akin to the part played by the "compradores" in the commercial line during the latter part of the last century and the beginning of this. The "compradores," although regarded by present-day intellectuals with infinite contempt, were the beginning of East-West economic transactions, which will eventually induce the industrialisation of China; so the "intellectual compradores" may act as a catalyst which will eventually bring about a new blossom of Chinese culture. In due course, when the Western civilisation—including the very idea and practice of democracy—and its machine-age, have transformed the very soil of China, and therefore, her whole life, literature and outlook, blending them with what survives of China's ancient heritage, then the "intellectual compradores" may come to be known as the "Vanguards of the Chinese Renaissance." It may well be, that in the long run, the Chinese intelligentsia may come again into its own, and owing to the gradual expansion of education, surpass even the part played by the "scholars" of old, due to their eventual approximation in size to the whole mass of the Chinese people. The identification of the intelligentsia with the whole people is a process which is taking place everywhere, and perhaps in no place is it progressing at a greater speed than in Britain now. H. C. LOH

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ROBERT HALE

D.P. CHILDREN

Sir,—In connection with the shortage of manpower, I see that the question of Displaced Persons has become one of the prominent topics. It seems to me a sad fact that D.P.s are considered only from a utilitarian point of view and that the humanitarian aspect is completely forgotten.

The orphan children—and especially the 24,000 unwanted Jewish orphans still in Germany—are the most pathetic section of Displaced Persons.

The Allies assured the D.P.s that after liberation everything would be done to recompense them for their years of misery and oppression. What has been done? Nearly two years after the end of the war they are still living in camps in squalor, on a near-starvation diet, and our policy as to their future is so vague that all hope has deserted them.

It is obvious that, whatever happens to the adult D.P.s, the children, whose only fault is that they were born into an era of persecution and cruelty, must be saved. Since the Allied Governments have no adequate scheme of dealing with the situation, it has now become the task of private organisations, such as the one for which I work, to try to resettle the children still left in Germany.

Humanitarian views apart, there is a potential danger in that if these orphans, whatever their creed or nationality, are left in Germany much longer, from sheer despair they may easily become a nucleus of lawlessness which will not only make the task of the Occupation Forces more difficult, but may also sow the seed of future international unrest.

LADY FLETCHER
Secretary-General, Children and Youth Aliyah.

BUTTON B

Sir,—"Critic's" reference to corner boys, button B, and a store of ill-gotten pennies, prompts me to mention a recent experience.

I attempted to make a telephone call from a kiosk inside Baker Street Station. The number was engaged. I pressed Button B for the return of my tuppence; the mechanism played its part, but no coins appeared. Believing them to have lodged in the chute, I probed upwards with my fingers. I encountered an obstacle. This was removed with a porter's aid and I regained my tuppence. The obstacle was a piece of putty! The porter resumed his duties, remarking: "*More bloody spivs about . . .*"

Outside, I encountered a policeman and informed him of the event. He said he "would keep an eye on the kiosks." But, quite obviously, he could not watch the various kiosk locations in this station at one and the same time.

It is unfortunate that the G.P.O. is hard pressed maintaining public telephone kiosks. However, were the unsuspecting public warned of this racket, which, I venture to suggest, is operated and thoroughly organised by "*Ready-money boys*," they would have the opportunity of regaining their money without blaming their loss on faulty mechanism.

D. MACDONALD HANLON

Sir,—"Critic's" paragraph concerning the professional experiences of Button B Pushers reminds me of an amusing incident some years ago—about the time, in fact, when the Radio had a familiar feature which always concluded "And what would you have done, Chum?"

It was half-day closing and I had some important letters to post—but no stamps. I walked to the nearest branch post office but found it closed, which meant a long traipse to Cambridge in blustery weather. But stay! Newly installed in front of the branch office was a stamp machine. Here was luck! I put in six coppers, lifted the flange and found no stamps. I tried two more—still no result. Angry, I hit the thing hard with the flat of my hand (we would call it a "Clout" in Yorkshire) and walked away. Behind me I heard the rumbling of what I thought was a tractor. But it must have been the machine. I returned, lifted the flange and was immediately beribboned with a long streamer of penny stamps which coiled around me. My conscience became as active as the machine. Had I broken the works, or were these stamps the property of previous investors who had gone away disappointed?

I never discovered the answer. But I know who got the stamps.

DENIS BOTTERILL

STEEL TRAPS

Sir,—Many of your readers may be unaware that in the new Agriculture Bill which Parliament is to be asked to pass, there is a Clause (No. 98) whereby the setting of spring traps in the open is permanently sanctioned. Should this projected measure become law, the cruelty of the steel-toothed trap, against which the R.S.P.C.A. has protested for so many years, will continue for all time.

There are other methods of dealing with rabbits, just as efficient as the gin trap and far more humane. Let us insist that these be employed and the steel trap relegated to the museums, like other instruments of torture.

I appeal to animal lovers throughout the country to take steps to persuade the Government to withdraw the objectionable Clause from the new Bill and thus to save millions of helpless creatures from untold suffering.

S. G. POLHILL,
Acting Chief Secretary
Royal Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, 105, Jermyn Street, London, S.W.1.

PIERRE BONNARD

Sir,—Benedict Nicolson speaks of Bonnard's refuge in the country owing to his inability to "cope with the bustling city life of Paris;" but were not the majority of his paintings produced as often in urban as in rural surroundings?

Braque, as great a designer, if less subtle a colourist, seems to me the supreme proof that the ivory tower which is built round "the pattern on the table-cloth" and the still-life group, can exist equally within, or without, Paris.

Was it not, rather, pressure from the Nazis that induced Bonnard to find refuge in the South, the last straw being when he was asked to paint Pétain's portrait? One can imagine the old man's wry smile when he said he preferred *nature-morte*, and be thankful that he was able to paint his adorable pictures up to the end.

E. M. HERRING

THE ELEANOR RATHBONE MEMORIAL

Sir,—Many of your readers will, I think, be interested in the progress of the Eleanor Rathbone Memorial Appeal which went out some months ago over the signatures of Viscount Cecil, Mr. Churchill, Lord Derby, the Rt. Hon. James Griffiths, Dr. Gilbert Murray and Mrs. J. L. Stocks. As the letter stated, there was a widespread feeling that Eleanor Rathbone's life and work "would be fittingly perpetuated by a memorial of national character devoted to the increase of knowledge, especially of subjects in which she was a pioneer." It was therefore suggested that this could be achieved either by the establishment of a fund to endow social research or courses of lectures or both.

There are, we believe, many of those who would like to contribute but have not as yet done so. We should therefore be grateful for the hospitality of your columns to say that the Fund is to be kept open till May 1st, and to urge those who honoured Miss Rathbone and her work to express their feelings of respect and gratitude through making as generous a donation as they can.

ENA M. HUBBACK
THELMA CAZALET KEIR
Joint Hon. Secretaries.
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BOOKS IN GENERAL

THE dust settles in the libraries on the philosophical tomes of the last century, and on none, not even on those of Herbert Spencer, does it lie heavier than on the works of Auguste Comte. And yet a hundred years ago Comte's philosophy of history and human society was admired by the best intellects of the day. They were convinced of the truth of Comte's thesis, that if only we will study the phenomena of society, we shall be able to deduce sociological laws and construct a system of human conduct with nearly the same degree of precision as Newton deduced his physical laws. Harriet Martineau undertook to translate and make a digest of the *Positive Philosophy* at her own expense in 1852; Mill acknowledged Comte's greatness; G. H. Lewes in his history of philosophy showed how all philosophies were but the forerunners of Positivism; and George Eliot believed with Comte that the true end of life is to live for others. Soon a band of English Positivists began to startle London by their observations on political and social questions. From their writings one would gather that Comte was the most distinguished of French philosophers; and that he had made an unfortunate marriage—though from the noblest of motives—but later formed an elevating relationship with a lady who, Mill tells us, "always remained pure." The foremost English Positivist, Dr. Congreve, held that Comte's life "was a life of self-denial, of abstinence from all lower aims . . . the beauty of which has been recognised in many quarters." To his disciples it was self-evident that the eminent moralist must have regulated his life according to his own strict precepts.

The facts are rather different. Comte was not just a simple and austere savant. He appears to step straight from the pages of the *Comédie Humaine*. His industry was prodigious, his knowledge all-embracing. His philosophy involved a synthesis of mathematics, astronomy, physics, chemistry and biology, all of which Comte mastered. He wrote at top speed and quarrelled with everyone. Early in life he had an illegitimate daughter by a young married lady of whom he soon tired. He then met a nineteen-year-old licensed prostitute, Caroline Massin, lost sight of her for a time, rediscovered her, by then installed by an admiring barrister in a bookshop of her own, lived with her for a year, gave her and the barrister lessons in geometry, and, finally, in 1823 married her, the barrister obligingly acting as witness of the civil ceremony. Comte deluded himself into believing that he had earned her eternal gratitude and fidelity by what he regarded as his noble action. Mlle Massin, an attractive and amusing girl, however, was of a practical turn of mind. She regarded her marriage as a convenient way of getting her name removed from the police records and reserved the right to use her charms to gain the housekeeping money when philosophy failed to supply it. Overwork and quarrels with his wife finally produced a brainstorm; Comte retired to an asylum; and when he was told that his wife had suggested that she should resume relations with her barrister and set up a *ménage à trois*, the philosopher went clean off his head. On his release from the asylum, he quarrelled again with his wife and jumped into the Seine. She finally left him in 1842, and in the same year the last volume of his *Positive Philosophy* lost him his post as an examiner at the Polytechnic on the grounds that he was an atheist. There was also a lawsuit over a footnote. Hearing of his misfortune, Mill got three friends, one of whom was the historian Grote, to advance Comte some money. At the end of the year Comte asked for more; Mill's friends refused to go on; and Comte at once accused his benefactors of scandalous and selfish behaviour in letting the greatest intellect of the age starve. In the end, when his salary was reduced to no more than eighty pounds a year, a fresh subscription was raised in France to which Mill, with characteristic generosity, subscribed.

Meanwhile Comte had met the woman whom he was to deify. Mme Clothilde de Vaux had been abandoned by her husband, a collector of taxes, when he fled the country after absconding with public funds; and, overcome with pity at the sight of the philosopher struggling in adversity and poverty, struck up a friendship. Comte, receiving the sympathy denied to him by his wife, moved to the attack. He bombarded her with letters and protestations of love. Love, however, had not entered Mme de Vaux's mind. It must be confessed that Comte did not cut a particularly romantic figure. He was pot-bellied, had a watery eye, and when he spoke specks of saliva frothed on his lips. Moreover, he was afflicted at the time with a disfiguring attack of erysipelas. Comte was not dismayed a whit. The categorical imperative was quite forgot: "Social laws are really only indispensable for the common herd," he wrote, begging Mme de Vaux to defy the moral code on which he set such high store. So determined was the philosopher's onslaught that, half-dazed, she at one point agreed to live with him, only to withdraw her offer three days later, since she could not swear that she loved him. A year after Comte had met her she was dead. Comte spent the remaining ten years of his life in worshipping her memory, and around her image he constructed his Religion of Humanity. He became more than ever convinced that he had solved the riddle of the universe, that he was the inaugurator of a new era in the history of mankind. His income fell, but his resolve rose. Sixty grammes of bread and a bowl of milk was his breakfast, a hundred grammes of bread and a plate of vegetables his dinner, and his dessert was a slice of bread which he ate in silence, meditating upon and pitying the poor who hungered. He died in 1857 desperately poor but serenely confident of the future of his positive Religion of Humanity and his own imperishable genius.

Comte is a figure whom we grow to recognise among philosophers. He is the romantic moralist masquerading in robes of the severest cut as a scientific logician. His philosophy is so highly systematised, so high and dry, so elevated in tone, that for a moment we forget that his premises are entirely unscientific. He held that each branch of our knowledge passes through three states: ideological, metaphysical and positive or scientific. This he proved in six volumes. The way was now clear to examine human institutions and society scientifically. But here he fell into a trap which Marx was to avoid. The Communist Utopia, when the State withers away, is never described—Marx herely hints at its joys. But Comte unveiled the whole of his design. Society was to be subjected to a theocracy of the Priests of Humanity. True, they were not themselves to govern, but they were to advise the ruling class and denounce them if they refused the advice. The ruling class were to be the rich who on no account should be numerous. States were to be small, and each should be governed by three bankers. They and the High Priest of Humanity, who was to sit in Paris and to be M. Comte, should rule dictatorially.

Although he angrily denied it, Comte's political ideas were lifted wholesale from Saint-Simon. His originality found scope in the Religion of Humanity. Since mankind was too feeble to live by scientific laws alone, a form of worship was necessary in order judiciously to stimulate man's moral sensibilities. The outworn conception of God was to be replaced by the Great Being, the consummation of all the great and noble spirits of past ages. Immortality was a myth, but in a certain sense the dead did by their influence mould the present. The calendar was therefore to be revised and each month dedicated to a human function or being. Prayer was essential, though one should not commit idolatry by praying to the Great Being. Prayer consisted of commemoration of the dead followed by effusion. "Effuse as much as you like," said the Secularist, J. M. Robertson, "but why call it prayer?" The sign of the Cross was to be replaced by "placing our hand in succession on the three chief organs—those of love, order and progress." The modest reader need not be alarmed: Comte was speaking phrenologically. "This *may* be a very appropriate way of expressing one's devotion to the Great Being," commented Mill, "but anyone who had appreciated its effect on the profane would have thought it judicious to keep it back till a considerably more advanced stage in the propagation of the Positivist Religion." There were seven Sacraments or ceremonies at various stages in one's life (all stages being multiples of the magic number seven); one became mature at forty-two; and seven years after one's death one's relatives applied for one to be considered fit to join Humanity. A solemn ceremony took place over Clothilde de Vaux's tomb, at which M. Comte, her lover, asked Auguste Comte, the High Priest of Humanity, to incorporate her in Humanity. To the chant of *Amem te plus quam me* and cries of *Addio casta sposa!* she was duly incorporated. Indeed, Comte's views of the part women should play in the new world were dictated by his relations with Mme de Vaux and his wife. They were to be completely subordinate to their husbands and to possess no money. They were the source of "affection," and must teach men always to let their feelings guide their intellect. Priests were to be compelled to marry so as to be under the full influence of affection. (One thinks of Mrs. Proudie.) Widowhood was to be perpetual and divorce to be prohibited, unless, as in the case of Mme de Vaux, the State had imprisoned or exiled the husband. Chastity was to be preserved for the first three months of marriage. This last injunction so provoked Dr. Foley that he protested to Comte for the space of an afternoon. But the High Priest was obdurate, and, leaning over the bannisters as his guest departed, gave vent to his only recorded joke, "If you object to only three months' preamble, I will make it six." Despite his own experiences, Comte looked forward to a time when procreation should be achieved with the minimum participation of man. So highly educated will women be and such will be their love of humanity that they will "spontaneously" become mothers. The cult of the Virgin Mother was to reinforce morality and heighten the aspirations of mankind. It is, however, singular, as M. de Rouve, Mme de Vaux's great-nephew, pointed out, that the object of this adoration should have been neither a virgin nor a mother. Under the influence of this religion, the Utopia took shape. Before Comte's eyes visions of the new world, carefully systematised, continually appeared. Western Europe would live under the rule of two thousand bankers and worship in two thousand temples, each staffed with three philosophers, seven priests and three vicars; in 1862 he would invite the general of the Jesuits to a conference which would force all those who still believed in God to become Catholics and the remainder Positivists; the High Priest of Humanity would touch sixty thousand francs a year. . . .

When Comte left the asylum, the doctor put against his name the letters N.G.—*non guéri*. Yet these extraordinary aberrations should not blind us to his unique qualities. In the springtime of liberal democracy he was an authoritarian, in the hey-day of *laissez-faire* he stood for State control and workers' associations. He was anti-nationalist and contemptuous of the orthodox political economists. He was one of the sowers of the seed of evolutionary progress in which the nineteenth century believed. He taught that wisdom accumulated with the ages, that by study of the past we could govern the future, and that since man had now entered the "positive" stage in evolution, new worlds of certainty could be discerned which had hitherto been clouded by the fog of metaphysics. And, finally, perhaps one should not overlook the fact that, though obscured by bric-à-bac, the core of his philosophy was morality and that though the conception of the Great Being has perished, he bequeathed to posterity a word which he invented: Altruism.

NOEL ANNAN

MILTON'S PLACE IN HISTORY

Milton and the English Mind. By F. E. HUTCHINSON. *Hodder and Stoughton, for the English Universities Press.* 5s.

Dr. Hutchinson's sympathetic study of Milton fills an important place in a library which aims at teaching universal history through a biographical approach. From Pericles and Cæsar to Lincoln and Lenin, most of the chosen subjects in this series were statesmen; even the exceptions—Wycliffe and Wesley—were leaders of opinion in a sense that Milton was not. He was an isolated figure in the life of his time to whom no group or sect or party looked for inspiration: even the greatest of his prose works, *Areopagitica*, attracted little attention in his own day. To single him out as a man whose life would serve to illumine history was none the less to make a happy choice. Through struggle, triumph and catastrophe he shared in the public life of his day with passion: what he had to express, in poems as well as pamphlets, was the collective thinking of his generation, though he lifted it, alone among his contemporaries, to the level of genius.

From first to last it was Milton's relationship to his time that Dr. Hutchinson kept in mind in writing this able little book. The biography moves within a background of history, and though there are some brief but happy critical appreciations of Milton's poetical technique, the author is chiefly concerned, as his theme required of him, with the outlook on life which found an imaginative shape in the poems. To many of us in these days the theology of *Paradise Lost* has become as unintelligible as it is repugnant. With sympathy and patience Dr. Hutchinson interprets it for us and enables us to follow Milton's thinking across the abyss of our differences. What emerges is not an idolatrous estimate of the man. His coldness, his self-centred limitations, even the vein of harshness in him—these are recognised. But this study does justice to the grandeur of his courage, the discipline he imposed upon himself and his sense of dedication to a task set for him by Divine Providence. In this conviction he was not peculiar. If we ask why our little island in Milton's generation produced from its four million inhabitants a startling profusion of talent and lived with an intensity it never experienced before or since, the chief of several reasons was its belief that it struggled and fought, that it thought and sang under the direct inspiration of God Himself.

Under what rubric, if we must choose one, are we to class Milton? The title of his book conveys Dr. Hutchinson's answer. He was, above all else, a great yet a typical Englishman. This is a classification which would have had the poet's hearty assent. From no other writer of his intellectual rank could we cull so rich an anthology of patriotic pride. "God's Englishmen" were for him "a nation of prophets, of sages and of worthies." Again and again comes the exhortation: "Let not England forget her precedence of teaching nations how to live." A humanist and a scholar could share this pride with an unlettered fanatic like General Harrison. Very rarely did it strike an unworthy note, as it did in Milton's contempt for everything French. English the poet was, in Dr. Hutchinson's interpretation of him, in his individualism, his faith in toleration and, above all, in his passion for liberty which asserted itself not only in his hatred of censorship and his revolt against prelacy and monarchy, but also in his advocacy of free will. One might add that his dislike of metaphysics, evident where he came to grapple with the problems of predestination and God's foreknowledge, was also characteristic of John Locke's countrymen. Calvinism was never for the mass of Englishmen a congenial creed, and in his gradual rejection of it Milton moved with the times.

But we may mislead ourselves by this tempting classification. Were such outstanding figures on the other side as Jeremy Taylor, Bishop Hall, Clarendon and Falkland less English than Milton and his comrades? Was it English to fling away tradition as he did? Was it English in him to despise the *Book of Common Prayer* with all its emotional associations and its verbal music? He was a Root and Branch man; then is there nothing in the general belief that the genius of the English people turns to compromise and the middle way? And for the rest, are Englishmen peculiar in their attachment to the ideas that Milton served? The French in their own way are even more individualistic and as passionately devoted to liberty. As for religious toleration, the Dutch reached it much earlier than our ancestors did and observed it with greater consistency, for they did not exclude Catholics, as Milton did.

To classify Milton at all may seem a repugnant exercise. What we value most highly in him—his verbal magic, his plastic imagination, his gift of hewing living statuary in words—these were his own personal endowment. But if it is his social and religious philosophy that we are considering, his was the voice of the middle-class revolution, disciplined by his scholarship and taught to sing by his genius. By origin he belonged to the rising plutocracy of the City of London. If he enlarged his horizon by reading and travel, he never associated sympathetically with any class save that into which he was born. Dr. Hutchinson traces the evolution of his opinions, notably of his hostility to episcopacy and monarchy, but he never digs down to the root from which they sprang. Was it ultimately anything else than the determination of this new class, which already had real economic power in its hands, to achieve political power also and to liberate itself from the obsolete and uncongenial rule of the feudal aristocracy? Its real objection to bishops was that they were the King's men.

Milton was perfectly conscious of the economic basis of the cause he advocated. "What stirs the Englishmen," he asks in his treatise *Of Reformation in England*, "sooner to rebellion than violent and heavy hands upon their goods and purses?" And again he attacks the "prelates," whose "trade" was "by the same alchemy that the Pope uses, to extract heaps of gold and silver out of the drossy bullion of the people's sins." If he came to attack the clericalism of the Presbyterians as hotly, it was because the middle class was bent on emancipating itself altogether from theocracy: it meant to have a secular state, which it could dominate.

Milton's limitations were those of his class. In his treatise on education his sole concern was with the training of a ruling caste, though in his later years he made it clear that the aristocracy he admired was rather one of talent than of birth. His poorer fellow-countrymen were for him the "rabble," "of whom to be dispraised were no small praise," and in *Paradise Regained* he ascribed this attitude of disdain even to Christ. A close study of his demeanour towards the various Parliaments of his time reveals that he had no respect whatever for the principle of representation. Deferential at first towards the Long Parliament, he ended by directing against it a whirlwind of contempt. But to the Rump he was always loyal, and he gave a welcome to Barebones' nominated House of Saints. His ideal was a perpetual Senate on the model of the Venetian oligarchy. How conscious this anti-democratic attitude must have been can be realised only when one recollects that, during the years he devoted to politics, the Levellers were making their stand for manhood suffrage and biennial Parliaments. Nor is there a sign in any of his writings that their agitation for humanity in the penal system and for a generous social programme touched any chord in him. The debtors, the evicted peasants and the aged poor for whom they pleaded never entered his field of vision.

Twice only was humanity Milton's theme. The "slaughtered saints" of Piedmont evoked the noblest of his sonnets, but they were his partisans. In his argument for the dissolution of marriages in which no mental companionship was possible, he argued a humane cause with a daring that few even of his warmest admirers have sufficiently appreciated. This moral heterodoxy called for a courageous originality much rarer than the bravery he displayed in his theological heresies. Here he tried, centuries in advance of his time, "with one gentle stroking to wipe away ten thousand tears out of the life of man." But in this instance it was his own petition he was pleading. His heresies went even further than Dr. Hutchinson traces. He obviously was an Arian and, like Richard Overton, a "mortalist," who believed that after death the soul ceased to exist until the Resurrection. He was unsound about the Sabbath. He favoured adult baptism only, but seems to have doubted in his last years whether any Sacraments were necessary to salvation. He might have joined the Seekers if it had been the way of this lonely intellect to join any group at all. But with one of the deadly and punishable heresies of his radical contemporaries he had no sympathy. He never doubted the doctrine of eternal punishment.

But it is not on Milton's limitations that one likes to dwell. The man was greatest when he was most himself. The Englishman in him spoke his pride in *Areopagitica*; the Puritan in him left his mark upon it. But the unique message in it that still rings out across the centuries was not merely its plea for toleration and for intellectual freedom. More daring even than these and as characteristic was Milton's belief that the life of man is a continuous adventure in the pursuit of truth.

H. N. BRAILSFORD

NEW NOVELS

The Haunted Woman. By DAVID LINDSAY. *Gollancz.* 7s. 6d.

I Ask You, Ladies and Gentlemen. By LEON Z. SURMELIAN. *Gollancz.* 8s. 6d.

Pascual Duarte's Family. By CAMILO J. CELA. *Eyre and Spottiswoode.* 7s. 6d.

The Age of Reason. By JEAN-PAUL SARTRE. *Hamilton.* 10s.

The Haunted Woman is the second of two novels by David Lindsay, first published in the Twenties and now reprinted. *A Voyage to Arcturus*, a curious parable of redemption through pain, I reviewed here some months ago. Its profundity seemed considerable. *The Haunted Woman* is the story of a time-travelling house. Those with finer senses perceive in it staircases not visible to all, and, mounting these staircases, are first purged of dross and later transported to the middle ages. The characters have a good deal of dross. A young woman of the hotel-dwelling middle class meets the elderly owner of the house (which her aunt is negotiating to buy) in this limbo. The two realise that they belong to each other. A broken engagement and two deaths ensue.

The Twenties, Heaven knows, are now exotic enough in their own right. Place in the Twenties a mind of in-grown, solitary habit (a counterpart in the Forties might be Mr. F. L. Green) to whom the world of nineteenth-century fiction is as real as his own day. Introduce this mind to the speculations of J. W. M. Dunne or at any rate to the Moberley-Jourdain rhapsody. Add a dash of theosophy. Bosoms heave. Reputations are threatened. Women of all ages faint at opportune moments, and men of property behave with a malignant rectitude which the author clearly meant to be old-world courtesy. The flavour is unique, piquant and rather unpleasant. One is reminded of Arthur Machen and Claude Houghton. A younger man who tries to keep it up is Mr. Frank Baker. Mr. Gollancz would, I fancy, have us believe that *The Haunted House* is an allegory of the life of the spirit, like *A Voyage to Arcturus*. In fact, it all probably started as a not very good joke. To a mind like David Lindsay's, it would be amusing to say, "There are plenty of stories about houses haunted by dead women. I'll do one about a woman haunted by a dead house."

I Ask You, Ladies and Gentlemen, also is a book in which an unusual flavour compensates for many demerits in the writing. To judge by

a formidable list of acknowledgments, its separate chapters were conceived as short stories, but, when these are placed end to end, the result is an autobiography somewhat overloaded with literary device. There is a brief preface by William Saroyan, and the book is about an Armenian boy who lived through what used to be called the Great War, the Turkish massacres and the Russian revolution, and who finally settled down as an American citizen. The massacres are the great set-piece. They are described carefully and without anger against the perpetrators, so that they become utterly credible and in some curious way almost reassuring. The Turks do not appear stripped of humanity, gibbering abstractions like the figures in accounts of more recent atrocities. They are in and of their world, and this world also displays great charm, colour and pathos. Ideological hatred has reared its ugly head, but that head has still the face of a child whose contortions may be soothed away.

It is exciting to get a book of any sort from Spain. One had tacitly assumed that Spaniards no longer wrote books or at any rate that they went abroad to write them. *Pascual Duarte's Family*, which first came out in 1942, and has since been banned and reprinted, is the account of a murderer's unhappy childhood and first crimes. Written from a condemned cell, it is prefaced and tailed off with letters explaining how the manuscript came into the light of day and why it ended where it did. The brief narrative itself is skilfully handled and presented in nice English by John Marks, but the way of writing is grossly unlike the natural utterance of the kind of unlettered unfortunate who tells the story, and Pascual neither understands himself nor gives the reader clues to his understanding. If Camus's *The Outsider* is the French version of *The Postman Always Rings Twice*, *Pascual Duarte's Family* is the Spanish. It is a less intelligent version. "I had a hard life" would be the prisoner's sole rejoinder to every accusation. Of course, if the author had another answer, it may be that he would not dare to utter it in Spain today. But I do not think he has. At any rate, there is nothing in the book to discountenance those who might say that what Pascual needed was to go to church more often or join the Falange. A certain kind of very deep sympathy for the underdog does not preclude Fascism, as the case of Knut Hamsun may be held to prove.

With this number I cease the wholesale reviewing of new novels and resume a proper habit of reading either for pleasure or for instruction. Mr. Sartre, as a philosopher, would be content that I should abandon this ghoulish trade with a note on himself. *The Age of Reason* in French was reviewed in these pages more than a year ago. Discussions on Sartre have a way of ending up by protesting with some heat that life is not really so horrid as Sartre says. I do not think Mr. Mortimer altogether avoided this line of argument. And I do not think it will do. As we all know, life can be extremely horrid at times—worse, even, than Mr. Sartre has so far shown it in any of his books. In any case, general misrepresentation is not a charge that can be seriously brought against a novelist unless one is oneself committed to the doctrine of social realism. All one can do is to enquire into his purpose in looking for and presenting not the best that may be seen, but the worst.

In *The Age of Reason*, Mr. Sartre's purpose is clear enough. He is fishing out of the Parisian stewpot of 1938 a number of cases of "bad faith" or of people who, in his particular jargon (to which he is entitled), are "haunted" by their "being-for-other-people," and who refuse to make the existential leap by which they may transcend themselves and move from suffocating preoccupation to the peaks of vertiginous anguish. Is this a wise thing to do in a novel? I think not. I think case-histories are best either listed briefly and classified in the manner of Kraft-Ebbing or examined under broad heads as in Berdyaev's *Freedom and Slavery*. I think, in *The Age of Reason*, Mr. Sartre has done precisely what, just before the war, he accused François Mauriac of doing, postulating artificial moral situations. For Sartre's homosexual archangels and his Russian Peter Pans are not free. Their destiny has been as firmly fastened upon them by their author as ever Thérèse Desqueyroux's "power to poison and corrupt" was fastened on her by Mauriac.

Those who argue that the existentialists are but the Calvinists of to-day will note with pleasure that, in *The Age of Reason*, the forms of sin by which Mr. Sartre's characters enslave themselves are almost invariably sexual. I have not read the sequel, *Le Sursis* (on which I hope Mr. Eric Sutton is at work), and, so far as I know, nobody has read part three of the intended trilogy, which is to be called *Les Chemins de la Liberté*. The whole appears to be partly autobiographical in intention, since the only character who makes a decision in this first part is a teacher of philosophy. It is not a very powerful decision, since it consists only in the narrow avoidance of matrimonial ties. Still, it will have to do for a start. One transcends oneself slowly. The individual existent must look before it leaps and learn to walk before it can run.

Also doubtfully recommended: Thomas Wolfe's posthumous novel *The Web and the Rock* (Heinemann: 12*s.* 6*d.*) with an enthusiastic preface by J. B. Priestley. The first six hundred pages embarrassed me a great deal, made me giggle once or twice, and obviously contained a number of good things. Thomas Wolfe's spiritual estate will now, I understand, be shared out equally between Mr. Henry Miller, Mr. Thornton Wilder and Mr. Waldo Frank. RAYNER HEPPENSTALL

ELUCIDATING BABEL

Mankind, Nation and Individual. By OTTO JESPERSEN. *Allen and Unwin.* 8*s.* 6*d.*

New Tongues. By E. ALLISON PEERS. *Pitman.* 10*s.*

Reading through this collection of Jespersen's lectures, published posthumously in this country (Jespersen died in 1943), one regrets that there is no indication of when they were written, for there are one or two points that now seem hardly worth stressing—the attack on the dead Dadaist movement, for example—and a few omissions that can only be accounted for by the fact that the lectures were delivered some years ago. Having read the book, one may guess at the early 1930s as a possible date, but the publishers should not have left it a matter of guess-work.

In a manner both scholarly and witty, the lectures deal with various problems and phenomena of language. There are delightful footnotes and asides, such as the footnote on English pronunciation snobbery or Jespersen's gentle rebuke to French egotism after examining the dictum of Madame de Staël on the intoxicating effect of the French language: "The only fault I have to find," he says, "is that she speaks as if this function of language were something only to be found in France." The author's search for illustrative material brings him to all sorts of linguistic byways. He warns mothers against nursery language which simply creates extra difficulties for the child; he discusses the language of concealment among schoolboys, Maoris, thieves, doctors and English costers; he touches on the relation of poetic and religious language; he has a devastatingly common-sense essay on what is correct language; he explains the nature and origin of slang and describes language taboos, both in primitive society and in our own.

in the plural

The Phoenix Gallery (to be found just round the corner at the bottom of St. Martin's Lane) has been extended to include another large room for the exhibition of pictures. The first show—starting February 15—is of *English Landscape in Reproduction*. These pictures have been framed in a variety of styles and are all at reasonable prices. Inspection is free. Monday to Friday, 10 to 5.30, including lunch times.

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All these plums are put into a pie of which one may say the crust is substantial without being too solid for the lay reader. There is plenty of food for thought, however. Jespersen attacks the purely intellectual view of language as a means of communication; he denies that language is communal in origin, though he is interested in the reciprocal effect of individual and community on language changes. For the sake of mutual understanding and unity, he favours a standard language, within the framework of which there is still plenty of room for personal idiosyncrasy and inventiveness: "If we think out logically and bravely what is for the good of society our view of language will lead us to this conclusion, that it is our duty to work in the direction which natural evolution has already taken, i.e., towards the diffusion of the common language at the cost of local dialects."

Jespersen was a democrat and an internationalist, as well as a linguist of genius, untouched either in language or politics by the might-is-right school of thought. *Mankind, Nation and Individual* is a last ornament on the edifice of linguistic studies he has erected. His scholarliness, humour, originality and philosophy are all represented here, and his final conclusion is heartening: "Languages, with all their diversities, disclose the existence of a great common factor in men's trend of thought and men's craving for expression."

Professor Peers's "*New*" *Tongues* seems a rather thinly disguised plea for the replacement of French by Spanish as the first modern language in our secondary schools, for he thinks that the world auxiliary of the near future may well be some kind of Basic English, with Spanish as runner-up. The main part of the book is taken up with a discussion of what the first modern language should be, and Professor Peers examines the claims of French, Spanish, German, Italian and Russian from the educational, cultural, political and commercial points of view. He is strongly opposed (as many are more mildly) to the dominant position of French in the schools and he quotes in his support the very regrettable *France has gone* speech of General Smuts.

Professor Peers's case for the wider teaching of other languages than French will find plenty of support, and certainly Spanish is the easiest of the romance languages in which to make progress in the beginning stages, and commercially it will be increasingly useful. None the less, that should not lead us to accept without qualification the author's statement that the great Spanish-American republics share our ideals of freedom.

The cultural summaries concerning the various countries are highly controvertible, especially on the art side. Professor Peers does not mention that Gothic arose in France and was introduced by the French to the rest of Europe, he omits Renoir from the list of great French painters and overstresses the nationality of Van Gogh and Picasso, while soft-pedalling that of El Greco. He thinks it possible that such painters as Kokoschka and Klee may found new schools of painting in Germany.

Although most people who think about the matter at all would like to see more languages taught in our secondary schools (and taught more efficiently) French is still the language that most Englishmen regret not knowing. When tourist travel revives, more Englishmen than ever will visit France, and their children with them. There is something complementary about French living and French culture in relation to English, that attracts us to France. An exchange of pupils, which is by far the best way of learning any foreign language, will be easier and more practicable between France and England than between England and any other country for a long time to come. When all is said and done, France remains our nearest neighbour, only nineteen miles away, and we are still bound to her, not by one or other of the ties Professor Peers discusses, but by all of them.

DOROTHY BAKER

TENORE ROBUSTO

Enrico Caruso. His Life and Death. By DOROTHY CARUSO. *Werner Laurie.* 15*s.*

It is the letters which are the making of this book: the funny, likeable, spontaneous letters from the world-famous middle-aged Neapolitan to his young American wife, fresh from a convent and a tyrannical father. Wisely, she prints them without any attempt to tidy up spelling or style. The great man treats the English tongue as freely and as successfully as if it were a cadenza by Donizetti: "I don't know, my dearest, if you understand me but I go on with my best volonty." We hear of his lodgings in Mexico City, which are "a little cold but rada comfy," and of an open-air performance of *Aïda* which is precisely the opposite:

> I had like a shower of rays in my eyes terribly hot. Like Swedish bath. Then I was forced to close my eyes and impossible to look the condocter. The basso, worse than a bad corist, beginning to sing, with a voice like an old dog, doing "WHAU WHAU!" Both things made me nervous and I beginning to sing "Céleste Aïda" with my eyes closed and a bag of sunshine on my face.

But in the long run, as usual, all is well.

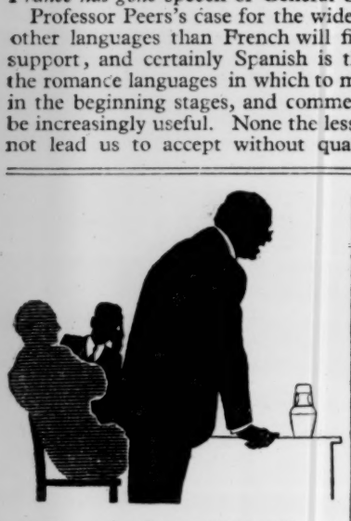
> I dont know the exact words to express what the public doit. Heats, unbrellas, hendekacifs, canes all in the aria, and a shouts that arrived in heaven.

His letters, and everything Mrs. Caruso tells us about her husband, confirm the impression of a personality of native richness, simplicity and force—the same impression as we receive from the sound of his voice. His adoration for his wife is expressed with an intensity which is operatic without being absurd; characteristics which in a smaller man would be dismissed as ridiculously egotistic or naive or merely stupid somehow don't make that impression. He never discussed music, not even other singers: if questioned on such subjects, he answered only "Yes," "No," or "I don't know." He never read a book, never went to a symphony concert, never even to the opera. His wife, it is amusing to discover, tolerated this "noisy and unnatural" form of art only for his sake. On one occasion they both went to a recital, the New York début of Tito Schipa—and left after fifteen minutes. "Why did we go at all?" "Because he is a tenor. . . . But it's all right."

It sounds awful, boring; and yet one realises that he wasn't a bore. Bores don't write such letters, draw such spirited caricatures, or—in point of fact—sing like that either. Nor do they *ever* turn so charmingly candid an eye on their own foibles.

> Once a chorus man accidentally trod on his bare foot in *Samson*. He limped through the rest of the opera, was carried groaning to his car and treated at home by a doctor waiting with a pharmacy of remedies. After he was nicely bandaged and tucked in bed he said to me confidingly, "I like to make fussy sometimes." Not even a little mark could be discovered on his foot.

When he died in 1921, Caruso had been married for less than three years; and since his wife dismisses his previous life in a random page or two, the title of her book is scarcely accurate. But it is a Life in the sense that its subject lives: a more vivid and human portrait emerges from it than from the standard biography of Key and Zirato, and one comes to respect the author's intelligence and good sense. An appendix contains a list of the tenor's operatic repertoire which is misleading because it draws no distinction between those roles which he sang and those



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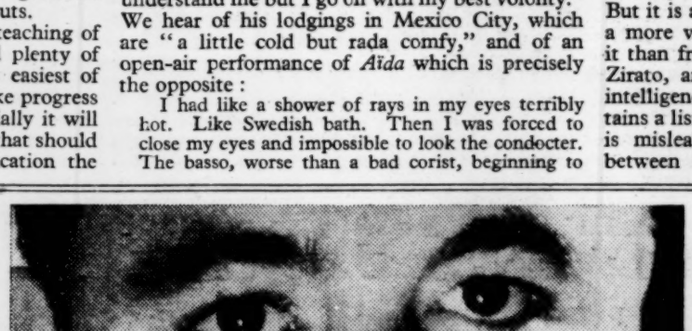

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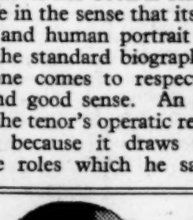

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others (such as Otello and, astonishingly, Tamino) which he apparently studied but never sang. On the other hand, the complete chronological list of his gramophone records (compiled by Mr. Drummond) is the kind of convenience which biographers of great singers ought always to include and never do. Of the 245 known recordings thirteen are still unissued, and two of these sound particularly enticing: the lovely aria from *Luisa Miller*, and a duet from *Carmen*, with Alma Gluck and Micaela. Is there no hope of persuading the Victor Company to disgorge these posthumous treasures?

DESMOND SHAWE-TAYLOR

"TIME REMEMBERED IS GRIEF FORGOTTEN"

Mountain Prospect. By SCOTT RUSSELL. Introduction by GEOFFREY WINTHROP YOUNG. *Chatto and Windus.* 18s. net.

Mr. Scott Russell is not the first mountaineer to have discovered in these years of exile that the mere act of translating mountain memories into words has a certain anæsthetic effect, but he is the first mountaineer to have written his reminiscences on a "thick pad of military forms" accidentally discovered in Changi Camp, Singapore.

Mr. Russell's father settled in New Zealand after retiring from the Civil Service, and it was among the New Zealand Alps that Mr. Russell matriculated as a mountaineer. All the ardour of first love illumines his memories of these mountains, the only dull things about which are their names, "Jackson, Ward Barron . . . named in honour of senior members of the New Zealand Survey department, perhaps by some junior seeking preferment," and yet the map of these mountains "bespatted with the unlovely names of nonentities" might have been enriched by lovely Maori names: Aorangi, "the cloud piercer," for instance, instead of Mount Cook.

Mr. Russell visited Switzerland in 1937. Of his competence as a mountaineer there is no doubt and it was a fine performance on his first visit of the Alps to make guideless ascents, with one other friend, of Dent Blanche, Dent d'Hérens and the Zmutt ridge of the Matterhorn on three successive days, all from the Schönbühl hut, which, by the way, is consistently misspelt Schunbuhl.

The next section of the book is introduced by a surprising quotation from a book, the title of which is incorrectly given. It is difficult to reconcile the statement quoted from Thomas Burnet's *Sacred Theory of the Earth*, 1684, "There is nothing I look upon with more pleasure than the Mountains of the Earth," with the author's well-known detestation of mountain scenery. "Mountains," he writes, "have neither Form nor Beauty nor shape nor order," but Burnet offers us, at least, one consolation. "They cannot look so ill now as they did at first . . . when they were new born and raw the Fractions and Confusions of them would have appeared very ghastly and frightful."

Mr. Russell studied botany at the Imperial College of Science and looked forward to the day when he could combine mountain exploration with scientific research and being one of those "for whom," as St. Paul remarked in a slightly different connection, "all things work together for good," he contrived to be invited to join an Arctic expedition, the first of its kind to be organised by the Imperial College of Science, which left for the Arctic shortly after he matriculated. After a successful summer in the Arctic he began to speculate on the possibility of botanical research in the Himalya. "I counted myself more than lucky," he writes, when Shipton, greatest of modern Himalayan explorers, invited him to join an expedition to the Karakoram. The necessary funds for botanical research were provided by a felicitous combination between public institutions such as the British Museum and private benefactors such as Mr. Courtauld.

Only Hitler, one feels, could have interrupted this pattern of inevitable success. It was on the Biafo glacier that the author first heard of the outbreak of the European War. The Sherpas were delighted.

Each successive German Himalayan expedition with its brutal outlook and low valuation of human life had increased this feeling; almost all our men had friends needlessly killed on Kanchanjunga or Nanga Parbat.

Few mountaineers in captivity can have had such rich and varied mountain memories on which to draw for consolation. Mr. Russell can not only remember, but interpret. He is not a writer by profession, but mountaineering seems to inspire good writing. The professional writers are, of course, usually better than the amateurs; Leslie Stephen, for instance, was a professional writer, and was more successful in the interpretation of mountain joy than Whymper, a professional engraver. Amateurs do not necessarily fall below the professional standard when they are writing at their best, but seldom maintain the uniform level of competence which is the product of long experience. Mr. Scott Russell, for instance, is very good at his best, he evokes vivid pictures not only of the mountains—few writers have written more effectively of the Himalya—but also of mountain men. His portrait of A. P. Harper, that pioneer of climbing in New Zealand, is a masterpiece of characterisation, but the postscript to his book which describes his return to the mountains after the miseries of the Changi Camp illustrates the point which I have just made:

> Three weeks later I came to the summit of Pavey Arc above Langdale. The soft autumn landscape was filled with colour less vivid than that of the tropics yet of a richer fulness. I was alone . . . The rhythmic joy of walking uphill returned to me and all the little things I had once taken for granted . . . Two days later I tied myself to the rope of three generous acquaintances and spent the afternoon upon an easy crag. Unaccustomed muscles groaned but a great surge of half-remembered feeling came over me; things that I have attempted to describe and others that belong so much to the immediate act of climbing that they had faded in my absence from the hills.

No professional writer who could write a passage as good as this, could fail to end his book with something as good or better, and certainly no professional writer would allow a fine book to fade out into a sentence as weak as that with which Mr. Russell ends:

> It has, however, brought the compensating knowledge that the mountains hold future enjoyment at least equalling the past.

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Week-end Competitions

No. 887

Set by Sebastian

Sixteen lines of verse on the almost unnoticed signing of five Peace Treaties in Paris. Entries by Feb. 25.

RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 884

Set by Roger Marvell

The Government has just appointed the members of the Tourist Board, whose business it is to publicise the attractions, and to improve the accommodation, offered by this country to foreign visitors. Competitors are invited to submit a decalogue in rhymed verse that the Board might advantageously circulate among keepers of hotels and restaurants.

Report by Roger Marvell

It's a kilologue I ought to have asked for, so uninstructed are most innkeepers in the country that once was famous for its inns. If they provide beds such as the most modest French *auberge* would be ashamed to offer, it is because they don't know what a bed should be like. The salad, the vegetables, the coffee? Ignorance again. (Just before the war I discovered that a representative of one of the motoring bodies whose job it was to visit hotels and report on them did not know the difference between sole and plaice!) But there is nonchalance as well as ignorance; a few months ago I arrived in France at 3.30 p.m., and was given an excellent meal in a restaurant that had sprung up amid the ruins of Boulogne. What, I wonder, would have been my fate, in similar circumstances at Folkestone or Dover? Perhaps it was the magnitude of their task that alarmed competitors; in any case the standard was lower than usual. William Bliss, E. H. Dodimead, G. E. Mash, D. H. and R. S. Jaffray were the runners up, and I recommend a prize of ten shillings each for Willie Tadpole, Fergie, Shok, Guy Innes, Stanley J. Sharpless and Ethel Talbot Scheffauer.

Give with alacrity unto your guest
What he desires and not what *you* think best.
Let this, O! landlord, be your guiding rule:
He may be different, but he is no fool.
You shall not show the least surprise if he
Wants frequent coffee and will not drink tea.
Do not imagine he will find it fun
To drink poor wine. Far better offer none.
An undue bluntness in your speech may harm.
If you're polite he's sure to oil your palm.
Do not deride with grins whenever he
Muddles our words. In *his* where would you be?
Don't overpraise the beauty of your scene.
He may know Dolomites and Engadine.
Crooning and all jazz music you shall ban
For him who knows both Dresden and Milan.
If he should prove explosive, well, you might
Recall "The customer is always right."
And when he leaves you, do, O! landlord try
His own equivalent for our *Good-bye!*

WILLY TADPOLE

If possible, may I suggest
That You, in person, greet each guest:
Offer, with deferential tone,
The brew that made the district known;
Where justifiable, proclaim
The special dish that brought it fame,
And, if obtainable, restore
Such cheese as it was noted for.
Be British on well-proven lines,
And palter not with "British wines,"
Nor let your table d'hôte be planned
On coffee bottled, custard canned.
See that your staff is competent,
Clean, civil, and obedient,
Your steel and silver keen and bright,
Your carpets fresh, your napkins white.
Let coal in plenty be supplied;
Have bed- and bath-room side by side,
And, when you've won your guest's goodwill
Present a reasonable bill.

GUY INNES

Thou shalt not look upon thy guest
As though he were some kind of pest
Or freeze him in the dining room
Immured in aspidistral gloom
Or feed him upon soggy greens
Or cold coagulated beans
Or sprinkle grit into his grub
Or charge him extra for a tub
Or hang up fly-blown lists of rules
More irksome than a boarding school's
Or vex with non-stop B.B.C.
Thy guest wherever he may be
Or if he sits up late at night
Othello-wise put out the light
Or allocate to newly-weds
A bedroom with two single beds
Or think the golden rule to learn
Is "Fleece—or be ye fleeced in turn"
And if thou wouldst avoid eclipse
Thus saith the Lord: abolish tips.

STANLEY J. SHARPLESS

Let your kitchen be clean
Let your greenstuff be green
Let your coffee be bean
Let your bedrooms be bright
Let your bathrooms be light
Let your linen be white
Stick to food you can cook
Do not fleece, do not rook
Keep a smile on your lips
Be content with your tips.

ETHEL TALBOT SCHEFFAUER

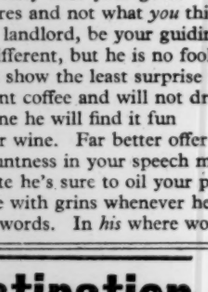
Henceforth thy porters and thy boots shall use
Blacking on all, except on British shoes;
Thou shalt put towel and soap in ev'ry place
That's to be hallow'd by a foreign face,
And clean soap-scum and stubble from each basin
That's to be used to wash a foreign face in,
And bedroom-hangings, new and bright and skittish;
Thou shalt provide for all, except the British,
And in the grill-room decorated china
Thou shalt lay out for each non-British diner,
And see that ev'ry waiter understands—
For foreign guests, he has to wash his hands;
And food provide, the richest of the earth,
For all (except the guests of British birth,
Whom thou shalt still confine within the ration
As punishment for being a debtor nation;)
And always thou shall bow and scrape thy best
And mop and mow before each foreign guest,
And should thy regulars complain, cry "Nark it:
Down on your knees, dogs; he's a Foreign Market."

FERGIE

When foreigners have reached our coast
Remember that a British host
Is not effusive on arrival—
No Briton ever should be servile;
For Yankee guests reserve with care
An attic with a broken stair;
Provide, to give a homely feeling,
Damp sheets, and mould upon the ceiling;
All foreigners are used to grime—
Waste not hot water, it's a crime;
Should Yanks or Wops for warmth enquire
Tell them, That where there's smoke there's fire;
Your staple dishes shall be these:
Raw beef, stale cabbage, and tinned peas;
See that your Bar is always out
Of every liquor but bad stout;
Be sure you keep upon a rack
A Railway Guide of ten years back;
Immoral aliens to refine
Demand to see a Marriage Line;
Remember foreigners have vices
And suitably adjust your prices.
If these few simple rules you heed
It helps the parting guest to speed;
Such local colour's sure to please
The visitor from overseas.

SHOK

Constipation
—that's why he's so
LIVERISH



Many a man feels irritable, touchy, liverish, simply because he is constipated. But, happily a course of Beecham's Pills soon puts matters right—encourages the gentle, daily bowel movement so necessary for cheerfulness and health. Beecham's Pills are purely vegetable, always reliable and effective.

Beecham's Pills

1/4 & 3/3 Inc. Pur. Tax. Also in PENNYWORTHS

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Julian Duvivier's masterpiece

"POIL DE CAROTTE"

(A. only London)

with Harry Baur and Robert Lynen

VANSITTART FIRST NOVEL PRIZE

Lord Vansittart, President of the Society of Civil Service Authors, offers £25 for the best first novel by a member. Closing date—30th September, 1947. Any Civil Servant or ex-Civil Servant may become a member.

Apply to Hon. Sec. Miss D. Bailey, 35 Linden Gardens, W.2.

Company Meeting

F. W. WOOLWORTH & CO.

COMPANY'S BEST SHOWING

THE 38th annual ordinary general meeting of F. W. Woolworth & Co. Ltd., will be held in London on February 21.

The following is an extract from the statement by Mr. W. L. STEPHENSON, the chairman, circulated with the report and accounts:

The directors' report for the year ended Dec. 31, 1946, has, I trust, given satisfaction. It is the best showing the company has produced in its 38 years' existence. A year ago I ventured to predict that for 1946 there could be expected a better supply of improved merchandise and a great increase in the return of Woolworth men engaged in the Services. This is exactly what has happened. I am not going to suggest that the supply position is approaching normal. No one can deny the urgent first claims of export business and our own domestic housing, and both of these factors, directly or indirectly, will continue for some time to absorb a large proportion of labour and materials.

The easing of supplies has wisely been directed to the more essential types of merchandise and this is evidenced by the company's sales volume records for the year in question. Semi-austerity would perhaps describe the present position, and how long this restricted condition will continue depends largely on the amount of energy and goodwill we can all bring to our jobs.

The trading profit is a handsome increase over that of 1945. This can be ascribed to two great factors, substantially larger volume of sales and improved operation. The percentage ratio of increase in sales is considerably greater than that of profit. This condition is attributable to two main reasons. The operating cost—salaries and wages—shows a percentage increase greater than either sales or profit and the gross profit margin on goods sold was reduced. Thus you get a picture of a well-balanced and healthy year's trading.

We have entered upon the 39th year of the company's history, and it can be truthfully said that there is no novelty in our methods of trading such as existed when we started this type of store in 1909. The public, therefore, do business with us purely on the merits of the service and value we can offer.

We are still very far from free supplies of goods to meet consumer requirements. We have been in the fortunate position of greatly improving the work of operating the company's business. Many types of goods are still much too high in price, due to an increase in cost of material and every operation of handling and processing. We shall never again get back to the "Nothing over 6d." limit, a restricted field which even before the outbreak of war presented many difficulties. Our business is founded, however, on a fixed-price basis and a price limit of 5s. is at present fixed as the limit in Woolworth Stores.

The accounts disclose a profit for the year 1946 of £9,148,357, an increase of £1,898,909, or 26.19 per cent. over that of the much-improved year 1945. The final dividend on the Ordinary stock is recommended at 1s. 9d. a unit and a cash bonus of 1s. a unit, making a total distribution for the year of 3s. 6d. The board feels it is only proper that stockholders, who suffered reduced income from their investment during the war years, should have an improved participation. The directors provide this improved dividend only after every known financial contingency has been carefully considered and provided for. I do not see any reason why the company should not make further progress in the present year.

Appointments Vacant

UNIV. of Leeds. Applics. invited from suitably quald. men/women (incl. those now serving in H.M. Forces) for post of whole-time Clinical Psychologist to Department of Psychiatry, at salary of £550-£25-900 p.a., together with membership of Federated Superann. System for Universities. Initial salary may be above minimum. Candidates should possess an Hons. degree in Psychology and have a thorough working knowledge of and interest in the whole field of psycho-diagnostics besides current methods of intelligence testing. Further partics. will be sent on applic. to Registrar. Twenty copies of applics., stating age and giving details of training and exp., together with names of three refs., should reach Registrar, The University, Leeds, 2, by March 25, 1947.

UNIVERSITY of Liverpool. Applics. invited for Post of Secretary to University Press of Liverpool. Initial sal. £400-£500 p.a., according to age and qualifics. Applics. should have exp. of publ. and knowl. of book production. Applics., stating age, qualifics., and exp., accompanied by copies of three recent testimonials and names of three refs., should be received by March 15, by Stanley Dumbell, Registrar, from whom further partics. of conditions of appointment may be obtained.

UNIV. of Edinburgh—Lectureship in Spanish. The University Court invite applics. for post of Lecturer in Spanish Department, appointment to date from Oct. 1, 1947. Salary determined according to qualifics. and exp., but will be not less than £300 in first year. Applics., with evidence of qualifics. and names of not less than three refs., to R. Jardine Brown, Secretary to the University, by Feb. 28.

L.C.C. Reqd. at Wanstead House Residential School for Delicate Children, Margate, Resident Assistant Mistress for primary children. Qualifics. in nature study and handwork desirable. Sal. Burnham Scale, plus two increments carried beyond the max. Emoluments of board, lodging, washing and medical attendance in consideration of supervisory and extraneous duties outside school hrs. and at week-ends. Applic. form (stamped addressed envelope nec.) from Educ. Officer (S.S.5), County Hall, S.E.1, returnable by Feb. 28. (227.)

MIDDLESEX C.C. Assistant Warden (Woman) for Nurses' Home, N. Middlesex County Hospital, Edmonton, N.18. To assist Home Sister in care of residential quarters; will also be expected to take interest in welfare and social activities of nurses. Exp. of this type of work an asset. Non-res. salary £285 by £15 to £330 p.a. Residence can be arranged if nec. and deduction made for board and lodging (£90 p.a.). Additional temporary cost of living bonus (now £60 p.a.). Established and pensionable, subject to medical exam. and six months' probation. Applic., stating age, quals., exper., encl. copies of up to 3 recent testimonials to Matron of Hospital as soon as poss.

READING Educ. Ctee. Applics. invited for post of Deputy Education Officer for County Borough of Reading. Applicants must be Grads. of a British University and have had exp. of teaching and of educ. administration. Should not be over 46 years of age, but age of applicants who are serving/have served in H.M. Forces, will be regarded as reduced by number of years of war service. Salary will be at rate of £680 p.a., rising by annual increments of £25 to £930, together with current cost of living bonus. Post will be designated as an estabd. post under Local Government and Other Officers (Superann.) Act, 1937, unless person appointed comes within provisions of Teachers' (Superann.) Acts, 1918 to 1945, and appointment will be subject to med. exam. Forms of applic. may be obtained from P. S. Taylor, Chief Educ. Officer, Education Office, Blagrave St., Reading, and must be returned by Feb. 28. Canvassing will be disqualification.

BERKS C.C. Applics. invited from women for post of Administrative Assistant in the Welfare Section of Office of Clerk of the Council. Sal. on National Scale, Grade I, £330×£15—£375 p.a., with appropriate cost of living bonus (at present £48 p.a.). Applicants should be women of good educ. and pref. will be given to persons holding diploma in social sciences or labour management. Appointment will be subject to Council's Conditions of Service. Forms of applic. with fuller partics. and conditions can be obtained from H. J. C. Neobard, Clerk of the Council, Shire Hall, Reading, on receipt of a stamped add. env. Applic. forms to be returned by Feb. 28.

OXFORDSHIRE C.C. Children's Hostels. Applics. invited for posts as Resident Assistants at children's hostels in County. Salary according to exp. on following scales: Senior Assistant, £110-£5-£130, plus emoluments; Junior Assistant, £90-£5-£110, plus emoluments. Applics. are also invited for post as Resident Cook at Hostel at Shiplake, near Henley. Salary £110-£5-£120. Applic. forms and further partics. from County Welfare Officer, 1 New Rd. Oxford.

HISPANIC & Luso-Brazilian Councils. Applics. invited for appointment of Librarian to newly founded Hispanic Library at Canning House. Grad. in Spanish and Portuguese with Library qualifics. up to A.L.A. standard. Comm. salary £350-£400, according to qualifics. and exp. Apply by Feb. 25, encl. copies of recent testimonials, to: Educ. Secy., Canning House, 4 Upper Berkeley St. W.1.

ASST. Warden reqd. for Nurses' Home. Bethlem Royal Hospital, Monks Orchard, Beckenham, Kent. Age 23-30. Duties consist of assisting the Warden in supervision of Nurses' Home (80 bedrooms) and social activities of the Nurses, incl. sports. Domestic Sci. cert. desirable but not essential. Salary £150 p.a., rising by £10 pa. to £180 p.a., with full emoluments incl. own bedroom, own sitg. rm.

Appointments Vacant—continued

HERTS C.C. Letchworth Day Continuation School. Applics. invited for post of qualif. assistant master to teach physical training and general subjects. The post offers valuable exp. to a teacher planning to work in a County College and interested in education and welfare of the working adolescent. Sal. according to Burnham scale. Further details from the District Education Officer, New Town Hall, Hitchin, to whom applics. should be sent.

WORKERS' Educational Assoc., N.W. Distr., invites applics. for post of Organising-Tutor for Mid and E. Cheshire. Should be grad., pref. History, Economics. Initial sal. £400. Applic. forms and terms, etc., from Secy., W.E.A., 423 Oxford Rd. Manchester, 13.

APPLICS. invited from men with wide exp. for post of Warden, Liverpool Club in densely populated area. Membership 250 boys and girls. Sal. £300 by £15 to £500 and good living accom. on premises. Applic. forms from Box R.620, Lee & Nightingale, Liverpool.

WALLSEND Youth Club. A Warden is wanted for this estab. Mixed Club in newly acquired premises and grounds. Should be expd. and trained. Comm. sal. £300 p.a. Partics. (stamped add. env.) from the Director, Northumberland and Tyneside Council of Soc. Service, 17 Ellison Pl., Newcastle-on-Tyne, 1.

HOMERTON College, Cambridge. Reqd. in September, Lecturer in Education to assist in training of students for Nursery and Infant work. Nursery exp. essential. Further partics. may be obtained from Secretary.

EDUCATED Woman wanted on March 1 as House Matron to superintend domestic and catering departments of boarding home for 25 young difficult children. Shortly moving to Kent. Teacher and trained nurses on staff. Opportunities of attending lectures on children's problems by Psychologist. Sal. £130 p.a. res. Applic. form: Secy., 39 Queen Anne St. W.1.

BECKETTS School Community still in need of quald. Teacher for younger group, Secretary and Cook. Pioneer work with good scope and democratic methods. Blackbrooke, Skenfrith, Abergavenny.

EDITORIAL Secretary for prog. pictorial monthly. Knowledge Shorthand, Typing and Jewish affairs an adv. Good post for person with initiative and intelligence. Box 5639.

REQUIRED Assistant Case Worker, young. Apply in writing to Gen. Secy., The Friends of the Poor, 42 Ebury St. S.W.1.

PARENTS and Guardians: Educated girl leaving school can receive training in Prof. City Surveyor's office to qualify for Housing appointments. Box 5099.

WANTED, Assistant Lady Personnel Supervisor (single), training and some exper. essential. Light engineering works. Manchester district. Full partics. to Box 5128.

PERSONNEL Supervisor, lady, wanted to organise staff of large engineering works, Manchester district. Should have knowl. of personnel work and office routine. Full partics. age, exper., etc., Box 5129.

SECY. Shorthand-Typist interested in Social Development of Scotland's rural areas. Live as family in country house, 6 mls. county town. Assistance Pony Club and Market Gardening accts. Sal. £3. Col. & Mrs. Armstrong, Bargaly, Newton Stewart.

SINGLE Cowman to take charge of small dairy herd; also general farm worker, to work on Co-operative Farm. Gothic Farm Society, Heveningham, Halesworth, Suffolk.

GOOD Secretaries supplied and wanted. Women's Empl. (Agency), Slo. 1992.

Appointments Wanted

EXPD. Secretary, young, intellignt., adptble., reqs. really interesting constrctve. work, pref. lit./social/pltcl., anywhere in the world (if poss. resident). Consider anything. Box 5197.

WOMAN grad. Economics (Univ. of Geneva), fluent French, German, reasonable Hungarian, British, sks. post. Age 34, married. Chief interests: social international questions, psychology. Box 5190.

SHOW News columnist and critic seeks part or full-time position. Box 5184.

AUTHOR-Journalist and/or wife (B.A.) seek work enabling them to live in France. Fluent French, wide exp. of country. Box 5144.

UNEMPLOYED ex-Serviceman (25), intelligent, energetic, ambitious, sks. employment offering scope for initiative; ability; asks only living wage with prospects for future. Work on probation—will train, anything considered. Box 5142.

YOUNG Eng. hons. grad., wide cultural interests, musical ability, sks. int. temp./perm. work, Lon. area, from May. Box 5139.

YOUNG grad. wd. like change employment. Exp. industrial development and Academic research. Wide interest, mechanical ability. Pres. job lacks scope but well paid. Box 5127.

GENT, aged 60, healthy and active. Held high exec. posts in Govt. and Commercial service; voluntary work in Civic, social and educ. affairs. Travelled widely. Willing accept full-time post in social service organisation office, accs., typing, etc., at £2 p.w. with comf. room and board. Box 5064.

SITUATION wanted as companion-help in small household by Swedish lady, experienced in vegetarian cooking, English speaking. Willing go abroad. Shorthand-typist. Please reply to July, G.L. Field House, Whistlers Wood, Woldingham, Surrey.

STUDENT (25 years), Ex-R.A.C. officer wants interesting part-time job afternoons or evenings. London area. All offers considered. Box 5025.

REFUGEE Writer, D.Phil., 48, clerical experience but still on war work, sks. congenial post. Box 5016.

Appointments Wanted—continued

ECONOMICS graduate, woman, 22, sks. initial appointment, commercial/industrial/research/lit. Moderate salary. Box 5013.

WELL-qualified Clerk/Sec., 22, offers expert indexing ability, wide exp. and gen. knowledge to progressive organisation/individ. where chance of responsibility. Box 5009.

DR. of Law, ex-Serviceman, returned from Germany, export-administrative experience, languages, market-research, abstraction, librarian, seeks interesting post. Box 5486.

WOMAN B.Sc.(Econ.), B.Com. Hons., sks. int. wk. at home/pt.-time, Ldn. Box 4855.

Accommodation—Vacant and Wanted

WESTMINSTER. Comfortable, quiet furnished bed divan room with breakfast, 3½ *gns.* Vic. 7540.

BUSINESS woman wanted, share small labour-saving house with another. Easy reach London. Cultured and quiet tastes. Box 5101.

SERVICE suite, furn., to let in beautiful Georgian house, Notting Hill Gate, outlook on to sunny terrace and quiet garden. Thermostat htg., h. and c. in bedrooms, kitchenette. 6 *gns.* p.w. inc. b'fast and bath. Tel.: Park 6513 or write Box 5644.

NICE comfortable room with partial board (Continental) available, near buses and Underground. Suit business man. Box K, Smiths, 103, High Rd. Kilburn.

TO Let, furn. rooms single/double, 2, 2½, 3 *gns.* incl. fire, bath, phone, use of kitch.; might let unfurn. Central, Kensington Church St., W.8. Easy-going house. Box 5007.

FURN. Cottage conv. remote Somerset free of rent to 1 poss. 2 people. Conditional owner occupies approx. 4 mnths. in yr. when services and/or co-operation expctd. Alien welcomed. Box 4994.

TO Let, unfurn. Babies welcome, with parents, in sml. community, lovely country, reas. dis. Lond. 1 priv. rm., share din., murs., lounge, ch. dorm., kit., etc., from £2 wkly. Tun. Wells district. 12 min. bus. Box 5200.

SURREY-Hants. Borders. Amidst lovely pine and heather country, 500ft. up, sand soil. Attractive bungalow, 3 bed., attic room, bathroom, w.c. Hall, lge. drawing-rm., kitch., scullery, etc. Woodland gdn. ½-acre and site opp., Coy.'s services, mod. drsinage, tel., £2,000. Vacant possess. Box 5161.

LEFT Wing young couple, pref. with children, to join several families in communal household. 20 mins. from City. Approx. weekly cost for couple with child, £3 13s. inclusive. Tel.: CRO. 3063. Box 5345.

TO Let, for quiet holidays, furnished cottage, reasonable; gas, sleep 4. Bronte country. Box 5202.

WEST Ireland. Rose Cottage, Dugort, Achill. Furnished cottage to let, near shops and phone. Beautiful strand and scenery. Apply Mrs. Gray.

PROFESSIONAL family in Dorking wd. like congenial guest, male. Good food, comf. accom. £3 3s. weekly. Box 5014.

NORTH Cotswolds, Chipping Campden. Cott. in orchard to let furn. for 4 mths. from Feb Lge. living-room, 2 bed., kitch., bathrm. and sep. w.c. Main drainage, gas, garage, tel. Box 5046.

GLOUCS. For Sale, The Haie, Newnham-On-Severn, 12 miles Gloucester, suitable Educ. or Institutional purposes. 30 rms., stabling, cottages, 30 acres. Possession. Bruton, Knowles & Co., Land Agents, Gloucester.

EXCHANGE tenancy s.c. flat, overlooking river Chelsea, 2 rms., kit., bath, mod. rent, for house/flat 4/5 rms., garden, to rent, within 1 hr. Westminster. FLAX. 4353. Box 5141.

LOND. Univ. student, wife, both ex-Service, no children, req. unfurn. flat, Lond. area, by June. Highest refs. Box 5118.

EX-A.T.S. officer, in business, reqs. furn. b.-s.-room, area Paddington/Bays./Kens./Earl's Ct. Up to 2 *gns.* wkly. Box 5056.

EX-WREN, student, urg. reqs. accom. (bd.-sit.), Lond. Refs. Mod. terms. Box 5015.

WOMAN Univ. Educ. exp. typ., filing and tel., knowl. shd., offers services in return for unfurn. accom. Box 5154.

YOUNG woman B.A. urg. reqs. temp. home, Lon. or near, until passage for Sth. Africa available. Low rent or exch. any help—typing, French, German, domesticated or children. Box M111, A.K. Advg., 212a Shaftesbury Ave. W.C.2.

TWO couples, four yng. children, desire rent furn. accom. nr. sea, N. Wales-Lancs. Fortnight Aug.-Sept. Highest refs. Ball, 4, Balmoral Ave., Cheadle Hulme, Stockport.

BRITAIN, Eire, France or Switzerland. Furn. house or bungalow reqd. May-Sept. by writer, wife, 3-year baby. Must be near sea. Box 5055.

PROF. woman (30) out all day urg. sks. accom. in/nr. Swindon. Wd. appreciate family atmos., willing occasionally sit with children in evening. Box 5048.

Where to Stay and Restaurants

BEXHILL: Comfort, consideration and a warm welcome awaits you at "Lawn Court," 27 Park Rd., the Guest House of Distinction. Tel. 1476.

CONNEMARA, Eire. Visitors recd. (Aug. bkd.), seaside farmhse.; bathrm., garage, £3 10s.; recom. Nee, Renvoyle, Co. Galway.

PRIORY Guest House, Battle. Vacancies for Easter. Summer holidays at moderate terms, 3½-4½ *gns.* Tel. Battle 262.

COMFORTABLE, restful accom. for one or two people needing change and relaxation. Eminently suitable for writer. Informal atmosphere. Cen. htg., garage (3 cars). Good walking and riding, Forest/Downs. £4 p.w. Plough Cottage, Marlborough, Wilts.

Where to Stay—continued

OAKDOWN Guest House, Burwash Common, Sussex, specialises in comfort, good food. Set in beautiful walking country. Children's nursery provided. Tel. West Burwash 214.

GUISNES Court Hotel, Tolleshunt d'Arcy 259, Essex. Every comfort and attention offered. Games rm. Club lic. Near sea. Vacs. for permanent resids. Ideal for week-ends. 1½ hrs. Lond. Freedom and friendly atmos.

OLD Sussex village. Good country food and comfortable house two minutes from station. Terms, 5 *gns.* weekly. Blenheim Farm, Robertsbridge. Tel. 148.

OWN produce, Vi-springs, modern convenience, view, peace, flowers. Beadon Prior Hotel, Salcombe, South Devon.

LAKES. Charming old mansion, magnificent view. Modern conveniences. Croft Hotel, Ambleside. Tel. 334.

BOURNEMOUTH S loveliest private hotel, "Miramar," East Overcliff. H. & C. basins, telephones all bedrooms, lift, lock-ups, night porter. Resident Proprietors, Bournemouth 1081.

MANOR House Hotel, Moreton-in-Marsh, Glos. Still a few vacancies in this delightful, historic Cotswold Manor. From 6 to 10 *gns.* Phone/wire Moreton-in-Marsh 101.

WORTHING. Small exclusive Hotel in ideal position. Every comfort. Avenue Lodge Hotel, 1 Grand Avenue, Worthing. Tel. 349.

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LAYTON'S Wine Room, 2A, Duke St. W.1 (by Manchester Square). Hot lunches 12.30-2.30. Sherry parties catered for at your home. WELbeck 1864.

EAT any time from noon till 10.30 p.m. at Greek Restaurant (Jupiter's Pillars). Fully licensed, good wines. 52 Gt. Queen St. W.C.2. Room for parties. HOL. 6283. G. Demetriou.

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Schools

BECKETTS School, and Community, Skenfrith, Mon. Individual care and home security fr. 3 yrs. Karl and Katya Kasteel, B.A.

FARNBY, Sevenoaks. Girls Preparatory, vacancies. Kindergarten Department only Boys. Gir.'s. Recog. Min. of Education.

FORMOSA School, Epping House, Nr. Hertford, takes boys and girls from 6 to 13, boarding and day. Quaker ideas. Trained staff. Well recommended. (Mrs.) Lucia Beamish, B.A., A.R.C.M., Essenden 341.

HORSLEY Hall, Eccleshall, Staffs, is opening a new junior school in May for boys and girls from 4 to 12. There will also be vacancies for suitable pupils in the senior school. Handbook sent on application to Secy.

HURTWOOD School, Peaslake, Guildford, Co-educational day and boarding to 14 yrs. Constructive outlook. Tel.: Abinger 119.

KINGSMUIR School, Sible Hedingham, Halstead, Essex. Branch of Summerhill School—all ages. Music, riding, dancing, art.

MONKTON Wyld School, Charmouth, Dorset. School Farm, T.T. cows. All-round practical and cultural educ. for boys and girls, 9-18. After S.C. pupils prepared for Univ. Principals: Carl and Eleanor Urban.

ODAM Hill School and its Children's Farm build solid foundations for the future. Boys and girls 5-13. Falkner, S. Molton, N. Devon.

SWITZERLAND Gregorius School, Chaumont-Neuchatel (el. 6,000ft.). Headmaster, Wm. Harley, B.A., Dip. Ed., Diplome de la Sorbonne. Boys 8-18. Public School educ. mod. lines. All subjects to Univ. Entrance. Specialise Fr., Ger., native tchrs. Excel. food, sports, all facilities. Brochure from Secy.

Fellowships

UNIV. of London. Applics. invited for Leon Fellowship for Research (pref. in fields of Econs. or Educ.) for Session 1947-48. Fellowship is of the value of £400 p.a., and is tenable in the first instance for one year. It is not essential that candidates should be members of a Univ. Selected candidate reqd. to attend for interview. Further partics. from Academic Registrar, Univ. of London, Senate House, London, W.C.1, and applics. for Fellowship

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS, 3s. per line (average 6 words). Box number 1s. extra. Prepayment essential. Press Tuesday. Insertion delayed many weeks. State latest date acceptable. 10 Great Turnstile, London, W.C.1. Hol. 3216, must be received by April 1, 1947.